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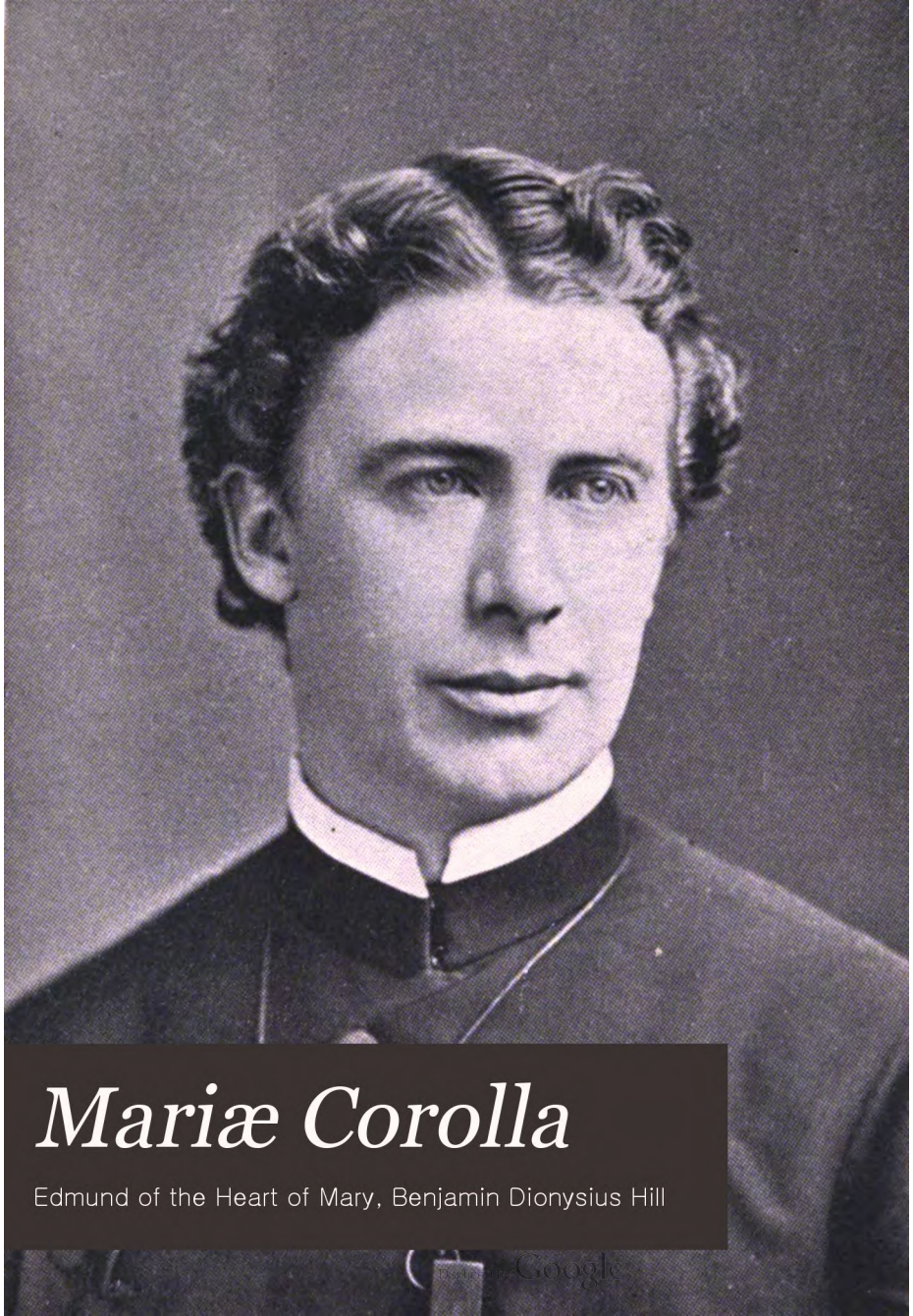
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# *Mariæ Corolla*

Edmund of the Heart of Mary, Benjamin Dionysius Hill

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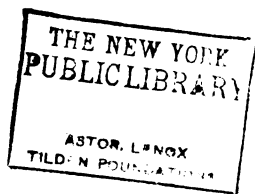
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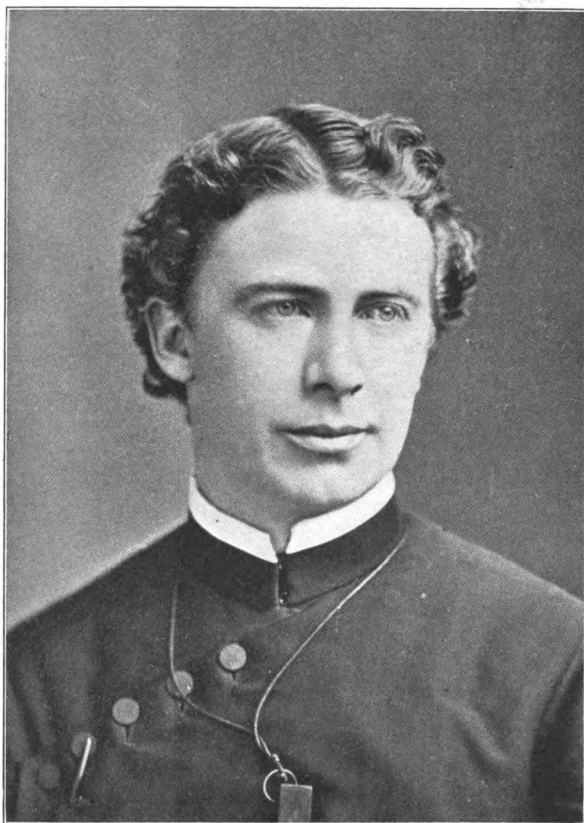
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# MARIÆ COROLLA

+

*A WREATH FOR OUR LADY*

BY

FATHER EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C.P.

[BENJAMIN D. HILL]

Author of "Passion Flowers," "A Short Cut to the True  
Church," "The Voice of the Good Shepherd :  
Does It Live? And Where?"

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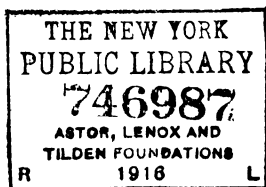
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PRINTERS TO THE HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE

1898

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WIDEN  
CLUB  
YRABLL

I am the Mother of fair love, and of fear, and of  
knowledge, and of holy hope.      ECCLUS. xxiv. 24.

All good things came to me together with her.  
WISDOM, vii. 11.



## PREFACE

1. In choosing the Latin title "*Mariæ Corolla*" for this second volume of my poems, I am thinking of a book called "*Sabrinæ Corolla*," with which are associated pleasant memories of my last school — Shrewsbury.

"Sabrina" is the classical name for the river Severn. Readers of Milton will at once remember that exquisite apostrophe in *Comus*, which invokes Sabrina as a goddess: —

"Sabrina fair,  
Listen where thou art sitting  
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair!  
Listen for dear honor's sake,  
Goddess of the silver lake,  
Listen and save!"

"*Sabrinæ Corolla*" (*corolla* being a diminutive of *corona*) was a collection of some of the best verses by the pupils of Shrewsbury school:

verses both Latin and Greek, and all of them translations from passages of English verse. Among the most skilful contributors was one who afterwards became Head Master, and in whose Sixth Form I was privileged to sit—that brilliant scholar and perfect Christian gentleman, Dr. Benjamin Hall Kennedy.

2. In laying this wreath at the feet of Our Blessed Lady, I am well aware that it is very far indeed from deserving her gracious notice: but I am encouraged by the assurance that she deigns to accept even the poorest performance which is offered out of love.

With regard to the devotion manifested in these pages, I have no fear of any true Catholic misunderstanding it or calling it presumptuous. Some degree of devotion to the Blessed Virgin forms an integral part of the life of all faithful Catholics: and they know that, while admitted to a tender familiarity with her who is our *Mother* as well as our *Queen*, it is impossible for us to forget that she is God's Mother first, and *Queen* of angels and of saints. Then, again, they cannot blame me for upholding Our Lady

as a peerless *ideal* for that *chivalrous* love and service which is specially the privilege of men who are called to the priesthood or to the religious state, but is open to all Catholic manhood.

3. To my non-Catholic readers, on the other hand, I wish to show how reasonable a thing this devotion is, as ministering to a need in the human heart, which certainly ought to find satisfaction in a religion which claims to come from the God who made that heart, and who has taken it Himself. The poem "*Sella Matutina: or, A Poet's Quest*" is specially designed to make this clear. But it shall have a little preface of its own.

4. I remember hearing the remark, while I was still an Anglican, that converts to the faith of Rome are apt to become very fervent clients of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and even to go to excess in this devotion.

As to "going to excess," I deny that to be possible—within the lines of truth. But if converts *do* take such a hold on what has been

to them a "hidden treasure" for years, it is because they wish to make up for lost time — and also, perhaps, to atone for hard and mischievous things said against this devotion in their ignorant past.

I refer to the last chapter of my "Short Cut to the True Church" any reader who wishes to see how Our Lord has made Himself responsible for the position of His Blessed Mother in the religion of Catholics.

5. Let me add that the distinguished convert Mr. Orby Shipley, of London, has done me the honor to select some of the sonnets in this volume for his admirable "Carmina Mariana."

ST. MARY'S RETREAT, DUNKIRK, N.Y.  
August, 1898.

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**PART I**  
**FROM 1868 TO 1878**



## TO A FAVORITE MADONNA

**L**ADY MARY, throne of grace,  
Imaged with thy Child before me :  
Softly beams the perfect face,  
Fragrant breathes its pureness o'er me.

I but gaze, and all my soul  
Thrills as with a taste of heaven :  
Passion owns the sweet control ;  
Peace assures of sin forgiven.

Ah ! then, what thy loveliness  
Where it shines divinely real,  
If its strength has such excess,  
Feebly shadow'd in ideal !

In thine arms thy royal Son  
Waits to fill us past our needing :  
Hears for all, denied to none,  
Thy resistless whisper pleading.

Dream, say they, for poet's eye ?  
*Thou* a dream ! Then truth is seeming.  
 Only let me live and die  
 Safely lost in such a dreaming !  
 1868.

---

## HER NATIVITY

"Orietur Stella ex Jacob." <sup>1</sup> — Numb. xxiv. 17.

**S**TAR of the Morning, how still was thy  
 shining  
 When its young splendor arose on the sea !  
 Only the angels, the secret divining,  
 Hailed the long-promised, the chosen, in thee.

Sad were the fallen, and vainly dissembled  
 Fears of the Woman in Eden foretold :  
 Darkly they guessed, as believing they trembled,  
 Who was the gem for the casket<sup>2</sup> of gold.

Tho' the deep heart of the nations forsaken  
 Beat with a sense of deliverance nigh ;

<sup>1</sup> "A star shall rise out of Jacob."

<sup>2</sup> "Thou art the casket where the jewel lay." — George Herbert.

True to a hope, thro' the ages unshaken,  
Looked for the "day-spring" to break "from  
on high";

Thee they perceived not, the pledge of redemption —

Hidden like thought, tho' no longer afar;  
Not tho' the light of a peerless exemption  
Beamed in thy rising, Immaculate Star!

All in the twilight so modestly shining  
Dawned thy young beauty, sweet Star of the  
Sea!

Only the angels, the secret divining,  
Hailed the elected, "the Virgin,"<sup>1</sup> in thee.



### SUPER OMNES SPECIOSA<sup>2</sup>

IS any face that I have seen —  
Some perfect type of girlhood's face?  
Some nun's, soul-radiant, full of grace? —  
Like thine, my beautiful, my Queen?

<sup>1</sup> Is. vii. 14. ἡ Παρθένος. — LXX.

<sup>2</sup> "Beautiful above all." — Antiphon.



Of all the eyes have paused on mine —  
And these have met some wondrous eyes,  
So large and deep, so chaste and wise —  
Have any faintly imaged thine?

The chisel with the brush has vied  
Till each seems victor in its turn;  
And love is ever quick to learn,  
Nor throws the proffer'd page aside:

Yet few the glimpses it has caught:  
For thou transcendest all that art  
Can show thee — even to the heart  
Most skill'd to read the poet's thought.

That thought can pierce its native sky  
Beyond the artist's starry guess:  
But all that it may dare express  
Is thro' the worship of a sigh.

To set the music of thy face  
To earthly measure, were to give  
Th' informing soul, and make it *live*  
As there — God's uttermost of grace.

## SANCTA MARIA

**S**WEET name of Mary, name of names,  
save One—

And that, my Queen, so wedded unto thine  
Our hearts hear both in either, and enshrine  
Instinctively the Mother with the Son—  
The lisping child's new accent has begun, [youth  
Heaven-taught, with thee : first-fervent happy  
Makes thee the watchword of its maiden truth;  
Repentant age the hope of the undone.  
To me, known late but timely, thou hast been  
The noonday freshness of a wooded height;  
A vale of soothing waters; the delight  
Of fadeless verdure in a desert scene.  
And when at last, my day shall set serene,  
Be Hesper<sup>1</sup> to an eve without a night.

LILIUM INTER SPINAS<sup>2</sup>

**O** FOUND at last — and *not* too late!  
O found, and never to be lost!  
(Can death divide us at its gate?  
Change blight us with its frost?)

<sup>1</sup> The evening star.

<sup>2</sup> "A lily among thorns." — Cant. ii. 2.

O found at last, forgive, forgive,  
This self-deceiving heart of mine,  
That, knowing thee, it dared to live  
For other love than thine!

Eve's fairest daughters share her doom,  
Save thee, of sin, decay, and death:  
*Their* beauty ripens for the tomb,  
Or fleets too soon for breath.

And some may prove, that guileless are,  
But sirens of a perilous flood:  
While thou dost lead us, like a star,  
Thro' pureness up to God.

O found at last — unhop'd ideal!  
Thy poet's heart *must* live in thee;  
Or gasp and wither for the real,  
And roam a shoreless sea!

1868.

## CHRISTMAS

**G**OD an infant — born to-day !  
Born to live, to die, for me !  
Bow, my soul : adoring say,  
“ Lord, I live, I die, for Thee.”  
Humble then, but fearless, rise ;  
Seek the manger where He lies.

Tread with awe the solemn ground.  
Tho’ a stable mean and rude,  
Wondering angels all around  
Throng the seeming solitude :  
Swelling anthems, as on high,  
Hail a second Trinity.<sup>1</sup>

’Neath the cavern’s<sup>2</sup> dim-lit shade  
Meekly sleeps a tender form.  
God on bed of straw is laid !  
Breaths of cattle keep Him warm !  
King of glory, can it be  
Thou art thus for love of me ?

<sup>1</sup> Jesus, Mary, and Joseph are called “the earthly Trinity.”

<sup>2</sup> It was a cavern used for a stable.

Hail, my Jesus, Lord of might !  
Here in tiny helpless hand  
Thy creation's infinite  
Holding like a grain of sand !  
Hail, *my* Jesus — all my own :  
Mine as if but mine alone !

Hail, my Lady, full of grace !  
Maiden-Mother, hail to thee !  
Poring on the radiant face,  
Thine a voiceless ecstasy ;  
Yet, sweet Mother, let me dare  
Join the homage of thy prayer.

Mother of God — O wondrous name !  
Bending seraphs hail thee Queen.  
Mother of God, yet still the same  
Mary thou hast ever been :  
Still so lowly, tho' so great —  
Mortal, yet Immaculate !

Joseph, hail — of gentlest power !  
Shadow of the Father<sup>1</sup> thou :  
Thine to shield in danger's hour

<sup>1</sup> See Faber's *Betlehem*.

Whom thy presence comforts now.  
Mary trusts to thee her Child;  
He His Mother undefiled.

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, hail!  
Saddest year its Christmas brings:  
Comes the faith that cannot fail,  
Come the shepherds and the kings:  
Gold and myrrh and incense sweet  
Come to worship at your feet.



## ON A PICTURE OF NAZARETH

**I**N dreams no longer, but reveal'd to sight,  
Comes o'er me, like a vision after death,  
That shrine of tenderest worship, that delight  
Of loftiest contemplation — Nazareth.

Fair-throned as when creation's King and Queen  
Abode within its walls, it looks around  
As scorning time and change; tho' these have  
been  
The ruthless masters of its hallow'd ground.

But enough : for I meant it for One  
 Who will pass even blunders above.  
 O Mother of pitying love,  
 Won't you claim this poor waif — for your  
 Son ?

1871.



## SANCTA DEI GENITRIX

**M**OTHER of God ! My Queen is simply  
 this.

For this elected, the eternal Mind  
 Conceived her in its infinite abyss,  
 With the God-Man co-type of human kind.  
 And she, when came the wondrous hour  
 assigned,  
 Conceiving her Conceiver, girt Him round,  
 And held in her Immaculate womb confined  
 Whom "heav'n and the heav'ns of heav'ns  
 cannot bound."<sup>1</sup>

Then brought Him forth, her little one, her own ;  
 And fed her suckling at her maiden breast —  
 The only pillow of His earthly rest,  
 And still for evermore His dearest throne.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Paral. ii. 6.

O Lady! what the worship Faith *allows*?  
The Eternal calls thee Daughter, Mother,  
Spouse!

---

## SANCTA VIRGO VIRGINUM

THE Mother of all mothers, yet no less  
The Virgin of all virgins! Yea, the more:  
For 'tis from thy deific fruitfulness  
Have drawn all virgins their perennial store.  
Since virgin Eve grew mother of our loss  
Virginity was barren — until thine,  
Which bore the Fruit that in the press of the  
Cross  
Redeem'd us with the virgin-making wine.<sup>1</sup>  
And now virginity may wed thy Son,  
Becoming thus the mother of fair deeds.  
Still, after all the glories it has won  
In following the Lamb where'er He leads,  
How peerless thine in having drawn Him down  
And brought Him forth — the virgin's Spouse  
and Crown!

<sup>1</sup> Zach. ix. 17.



## MATER CHRISTI

**M**OTHER of Christ—then Mother of us all.  
 Mother of God made Man, of Man made  
 God.<sup>1</sup>

The thornless garden, the immaculate sod,  
 Whence sprang the Adam that reversed the  
 Fall.

Mother of Christ, the Body mystical—  
 Of us the members, as of Him the Head:  
 Of Him our life, the first-born from the  
 dead; <sup>2</sup>

Of us baptized into His burial.<sup>3</sup>  
 Yes, Mother, we were truly born of thee  
 On Calvary's second Eden—thou its Eve:  
 Thy Dolors were our birth-pangs by the Tree  
 Whereon the second Adam died to live—  
 To live in us, thy promised seed to be,  
 Who then his death-wound to the snake didst  
 give.

<sup>1</sup> "Deus factus est homo, ut homo fieret Deus." — St. Augustine.  
 (God became man, that man might become God.)

<sup>2</sup> Col. i. 18.

<sup>3</sup> Rom. vi. 4.

OUR LADY'S EASTER

**S**HE knelt, expectant, thro' the night,  
For He had promised. In her face  
The pure soul beaming, full of grace,  
But sorrow-tranced — a frozen light.

But ere her eastward lattice caught  
The glimmer of the breaking day,  
No more in Joseph's garden lay  
The buried picture of her thought.

The seal'd stone shut a void, and lo —  
The Mother and the Son had met!  
For her a day should never set  
Had burst upon the night of woe.

In sudden glory stood He there,  
And gently raised her to His breast:  
And on His Heart, in perfect rest,  
She poured her own — a voiceless prayer.

Enough for her that He *has* died,  
And lives, to die again no more:  
The foe despoil'd, the combat o'er,  
The Victor crowned and glorified.

DEVOTA <sup>1</sup>

SWEET image of the One I love,  
To whom your infant years were given  
(And still the faithful colors <sup>2</sup> prove  
A constancy not all in heaven):

To me a violet near a brink,  
Far-hidden from the beaten way,  
And where but rarest flowerets drink  
A freshness from the ripples' play.

A lily in a vale of rest,  
And where the angels know a nook  
But one shy form has ever prest —  
A poet with a poet's book.

But poet's book has never said  
What I, O lily, find in you:  
'Twas never writ and never read,  
Though always old and always new.

And ah, that you must change and go —  
The violet fade, the lily die!

<sup>1</sup> A child of ten years and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

<sup>2</sup> Children thus dedicated have to wear white and blue for a specified time.

Let others joy to watch you grow ;  
Let others smile : so will not I.

Yet smile I should. Is heaven a dream ?  
In sooth he needs to be forgiven,  
Who matches with the things that seem  
A deathless flower, that blooms for heaven.

And while he mourns the onward years  
That sweep you from the things that seem,  
Let faith make sunshine on his tears : —  
'Tis heaven is real, and earth the dream.

---

TO THE SAME

**Y**OU little madonna, so very demure !  
You draw me, yet awe me :  
As warning, half scorning,  
That kissing a face so religiously pure  
Is almost a sacrilege, I may be sure.

Yet, awed as I am, I but love you the more.  
You meet me and greet me  
Serenely and queenly ;

And image so sweetly the One I adore,  
When she was a child in the ages of yore.

Her name it is Mary Regina — your own.  
    You share it and wear it  
    As flower its dower  
Of fragrance — predestined hereafter, full-blown,  
To reign with the lilies that circle her throne.

Be fragrant for me, then, O lily ! and pray —  
    Each hour, little flower,  
    Exhaling availing  
Petitions — to Mary the Queen of your May,  
To breathe on my Autumn your freshness to-day.



## A SOUTHERN FLOWER

**A** FLOWER of the pale, sad South,  
    Yet pale nor sad is she :  
    For she blooms on a wonderful tree  
That knoweth nor blight nor drouth —  
    A certain miraculous tree  
Our Lady has planted down South.



A rose let me call you, dear girl :  
A fadeless and thornless rose.  
So richly your modesty shows  
Its blushes bejewell'd with pearl —  
And a dew-drop of grace every pearl —  
That I think of the Mystical Rose.

But the Lord of the sweet and the fair  
(For they come from *His* beauty alone),  
I pray Him that floweret so rare  
No hand may dare cull but His own :  
That no other bosom may wear  
This rose of the South than His own.



## OUR LADY'S COUNCIL

### I

**T**HERE came an hour and words <sup>1</sup> were  
utter'd then  
That live to-day and echo evermore.

<sup>1</sup> St. Matt. xvi. 18.

One spoke them to a knot of simple men,  
Who simply took the simple sense they bore :  
A promise — such as never tongue or pen  
Of sage oracular had made before ;  
And a design no wisdom could have plann'd,  
Save His who holds the nations in His hand.

## II

“Thou callest Me the Christ, the Son of God :  
And blessèd art thou, Simon, son of John !  
Thy knowledge cometh not of flesh and blood,  
But 'tis My Father's gift to thee alone.  
And I, a builder against wind and flood,  
Say, thou art Peter — rock and corner-stone,  
My second self.<sup>1</sup> Nor shall the gates of Hell  
O'erthrow My Church thus wisely based and  
well.”

## III

Had less than God so spoken, he had been  
The wildest of all dreamers. What ! to make  
A poor rude fisher — who had never seen  
A gloom upon his Galilean lake,  
But fear'd the menace of its boding mien —

<sup>1</sup> St. Augustine calls Saint Peter, Christ's “alter ego.”

A rock no surge should whelm, no tempest  
shake :  
The baffled ages foaming at its feet  
The broken malice of their ceaseless beat !

IV

God saith, and who shall gainsay ? Devils first ;  
Then fools, their ready dupes. To these, for-  
sooth,  
Has seem'd it ever degradation's worst,  
To own the gentle majesty of truth ;  
Since came the Church to free a world accurst,  
And heal its heartache, and renew its youth :  
A spring to thaw the universal frost —  
Fire-dower'd from her natal Pentecost.

V

Error must needs inerrancy defy  
That will not cede its dear delusions breath  
(For how should truth be "liberal" to a lie,  
Nor offer God an honorable death ?):  
And so along the ages rolls a cry —  
The din of onset at the gates of faith :  
'Tis Arius now, now Luther, heads the fray,  
Or bristles up the hydra of to-day.



## VI

And patient Rome sits victor over all :

Her strength in seeming feebleness increased.  
She smiles to hear "the storm against the  
wall,"<sup>1</sup>

And lavish'd names of "harlot" and of  
"beast,"

And prophets raving of her speedy fall :

While Satan counts his losses with at least  
The joy that such solidity of rock  
Draws none the fewer to the fatal shock.

## VII

Press on, close in, ye gallant ranks of Hell !

Concéntrate still the might ye think to bow.  
Stood ever holy Church, do records tell,  
More one, more conscious, more herself, than  
now ?

The Chair of Peter when belov'd so well ?

Or when a Pontiff of serener brow ?  
He calls. Earth hears. Responsive from all  
lands,  
Around its Chief a mitred army stands !

<sup>1</sup> Is. xxv. 4.

VIII

And they who trembled, and had been content

To scorn with quiet mirth a voice so weak,  
Are forced, they find, to yield their panic vent.

“Another Trent!” rings out the indignant shriek :

“This nineteenth century, another Trent!”

’Tis not so sweet to have the Master speak  
When passion, weary of His peaceful sway,  
No longer deems it freedom to obey.

IX

But speak He will — the blessèd words of life.

How welcome to the soul that thirsts to know,

Or views alarm’d the too successful strife

Of earth with heaven — truth’s ebb and error’s flow !

We murmur thro’ our tears, “Decay is rife !

The sound, the old, the sacred — all will go !”  
Fond fear ! Their doom let faithless thrones expect :

Christ’s kingdom stands : He garners His elect.

## x

The Serpent writhes (his last convulsions these)  
Beneath the foot that tramples his crush'd  
head.

O Lady, worker of thy Son's decrees!  
Thy Rome, thy Pontiff, trust thee. Deign to  
shed

Thy gracious light, lone Star of troubled seas,  
At whose sweet ray the ancient darkness  
fled!

The Serpent writhes beneath thee. Deign to  
show

He is indeed the Woman's vanquish'd foe!

## xi

Thy Pontiff trusts thee — most of Pontiffs thine.

For thee he calls this Council, in an hour  
Momentous. He has taught us, at the shrine

Of thy Conception, that its peerless dower  
Of grace preventive is a truth divine.

Put forth, O Queen, put forth thy royal  
power—

And with a splendor all the world may see—

To crown the Pontiff who has thus crown'd thee!

XII

This day we hail thy victory, and claim  
Thy prayer omnipotent. Nor let it rise  
For us alone, that boast to love thy name;  
But those, unhappy, that have dar'd despise.  
Who came for them, not less by *thee* He  
came:

Thro' *thee* must break unclouded on their eyes.  
Ah, Mother's Heart! How long, then, wilt thou  
wait  
Till *all* thy children sing "IMMACULATE"?

December 8, 1869.

---

AFTER THE COUNCIL<sup>1</sup>

I

WHAT say you? "Has the Definition  
cured  
Credulity at last?" How so, old fellow?

<sup>1</sup> The following sarcastic letter may seem out of place in this volume. Indeed, I had intended giving it in the third. But it is so closely connected with "Our Lady's Council," that I think it will have more force if added here. It is written to an old school-fellow, now an Anglican parson.

Your liver's out of sorts—your life's insured?—

Or else your goggles have a tinge of yellow.

Or had the bowl too potently allured

O'er-night, and left you the reverse of  
mellow?

For *something* was the matter when you wrote

The string of billingsgate I scorn to quote.

## II

But come: I'll leave you room to make amends.

For had the Council, yielding to the threats  
Of foes or promises of falser friends,

Left the great question open (there were bets  
It would. You've lost? A circumstance which  
lends,

No doubt, a bilious color to regrets)—

*Then*, I acknowledge freely, *then* my faith  
Had suffer'd shock to the centre . . . all but  
death!

## III

When "Thou art Kepha" said th' Almighty  
Word,

"And on this Kepha will I build My Church,"

What meant He? Peter's body and bones?  
Absurd.

Then Peter's faith? If not, 'tis vain to  
search.

But *how* the faith of Peter? We incurr'd  
Together, once, the touch of Doctor Birch  
Over a passage in our Greek *Delectus*  
(That being judg'd the best way to correct us):

IV

And you'll deserve like castigation now  
(And more than then, sir), if you fail to find  
The answer to this very simple "How?"

But, first, of preconceptions clear your mind:  
Next, light your pipe. 'Twill serve to smoothen  
your brow

('Tis well you're not of the non-smoking  
kind),

And help you concentrate your mental action  
On concrete fact and Protestant abstraction.

V

Ay, sapient tutors taught us to abstract  
Peter's confession from the man that made  
it:

As though the two were *not* one concrete fact—  
Which *they* dissolv'd the better to evade it.  
But let the rock-foundation rest intact  
    ("No work of flesh and blood: My Father  
    laid it");  
And ask, with me, What simpler, what completer?  
Peter plus Faith — and not Faith minus Peter.

## VI

Again, the superstructure to be rear'd —  
    "My Church" — What is it? Clearly,  
    nothing crazy:  
No city of vapor, such as hath appear'd  
    To learnèd heads with notions vague and  
    hazy:  
But something palpable; something to be near'd  
    By paths direct, and not by windings mazy;  
Or if, at times, circuitously, still  
By those alone who walk with a good will.

## VII

Say a society, visible, organic —  
    Of teachers and of taught. An institution

Created to withstand assaults Titanic  
As readily as onsets Liliputian.  
Daughter of peace, yet ever causing panic.  
“Not of this world,” yet under contribution  
Laying “all nations,” in her Founder’s name,  
For unreserv’d submission to her claim.

VIII

Now, *such* a Church — remember, I’m explain-  
ing  
My own belief, and must not snap my  
tether —  
A kind of fabric is will need sustaining  
By base right sure to hold it well together.  
So, just to keep your faculties in training,  
Please ponder deeply, and inform me, whether  
This unity could balk its foes and weary ’em  
*Without* the sovran central “Magisterium”?

IX

In briefer phrase, without the Chair of Peter —  
Without what *you* call the *Un*-Holy See?  
I said, just now, naught simpler, naught com-  
pleter  
Than this contrivance, as it seems to me.



And, in default of surer plan or neater,  
The *fact*, I'm thinking, quite enough should  
be :  
For stubborn fact it is. If you abhor it,  
Then pray explode the words that answer for it.

## x

Meanwhile, leave *me* to be at least consistent.  
I take that promise as I find it spoken —  
By One to whom no coming age was distant ;  
Who therefore meant it for a pledge and  
token  
Of strength divine, invincibly resistant —  
A rock should steadfastly throw back, baffled,  
broken,  
The surging malice of all time. The tide  
That whelms a continent — here turns, defied.

## xi

But what hath all this with the Definition ?  
Why, everything, in short. Too fond your  
fear  
That I should strain my powers of deglutition  
Over a dogma luminously clear.

The Pope's prerogative, by our position,  
Is not "*impeccability*," my dear;  
But Peter's faith — the faith that cannot fail —  
'Gainst which nor lie nor tyranny prevail.

XII

That Peter's faith lives on in Peter's See —  
Believing, teaching, judging: — this the  
rock  
Perpetual, whereon stands firm, for me,  
The only Church may heed no skeptic's mock.  
And therefore, had "the Vatican decree"  
Not "thunder'd," *my* faith would have suffer'd  
shock;  
Since Satan made, at head of ranks insurgent,  
A call for fulmination — rather urgent.



THE BETTER CHRISTMAS

"'TIS not the feast that changes with the  
ever-changing times,  
But these that lightly vote away the glories  
of the past —

The joys that dreamlike haunt me with the  
merry matin chimes

I loved so in my boyhood, and shall dote on  
to the last.

“There still is much of laughter, and a measure  
of old cheer : [yore :

The ivy wreaths, if scanty, are as verdant as of  
And still the same kind greeting for the univer-  
sal ear :

But, to me, for all their wishing, 'tis a ‘merry’  
feast no more !”

I said : and came an answer from the stars to  
which I sighed —

Those stars that lit the vigil of the favored  
shepherd band.

And 'twas as if again the heavens opened deep  
and wide,

And the carol of the angel-choir new-flooded  
all the land.

“Good tidings still we bring to all who still  
have ears to hear ;

To all who love His coming — the elect that  
cannot cease :

And louder rings our anthem to these watchers,  
year by year,  
Its earnest of the perfect joy — the everlasting peace.

“Art thou, then, of these watchers, if thou  
canst not read the sign?

The world was at its darkest when the blessed  
Day-Star<sup>1</sup> shone:

Again 'tis blacker to her beam: and thou must  
needs repine,

And sicken so near sunrise for the moonlight  
that is gone!”

1874.

---

## ORDINANDUS<sup>2</sup>

**T**HE goal: and yet my heart is low,  
When rather it should brim with glee!  
They tell me this is ever so.  
Ah, well! I cling to One I know:  
Sweet Virgin, keep thou me.

<sup>1</sup> Our Lady.

<sup>2</sup> Just before ordination to the subdiaconate — the irrevocable step.

O thou for whom I venture all —  
The fragile bark, the treacherous sea  
(I needs must serve my Lady's call —  
Her captive knight, her helpless thrall) —  
My pilot, keep thou me.

From tyranny of idle fears,  
And subtle frauds to make me flee —  
Distorting unto eyes and ears  
The burden of the coming years —  
My mercy, keep thou me.

From shirking the accepted cross,  
For all the galling that must be :  
From seeing gold in what is dross,  
And seeking gain in what is loss,  
My wisdom, keep thou me.

From lures too strong for flesh and blood —  
With show of ripe philosophy,  
That points the fallen, who had stood  
Contented with the lesser good —  
My victory, keep thou me.

O Lady dear, in weal, in woe,  
Till heaven reveal thy Son and thee,

Thy true love's mantle round me throw :  
And tenderly, calmly, sweetly so,  
My glory, keep thou me.

Advent, 1870.

---

## TO SAINT JOSEPH

ON THE DAY OF MY FIRST MASS

**T**YPE of the priesthood with its Virgin  
Spouse,  
The Immaculate Church, our Mother ever  
fair !

Since even to me God's wondrous grace allows  
An office more than seraphim may share,  
I kneel to thee, most gentle Saint, and dare  
To choose thee patron of the trust. O make  
My evermore fidelity thy care,  
And keep me Mary's — for her own sweet  
sake !

Her knight before, and poet, now her priest  
(Nor less her slave :<sup>1</sup> a thousandfold the more),

<sup>1</sup> The Ven. Grignon De Montfort called his devotion the  
“*Slavery* of Jesus in Mary,” and himself the “slave, or bonds-

I glory in a bondage but increased,  
 And kiss the chain her dear De Montfort  
 wore,  
 With "Omnia Per Mariam" mottoed o'er,  
 Which seals me her apostle — tho' the least.

FEAST OF THE SEVEN DOLORS,  
 March 31, 1871.



## HOLY THURSDAY LADY-DAY

"**T**O find, this greatest day of all the year,  
 Our Lady's Mass and Office set aside!  
*My* day of days — when holy Church, my  
 bride,  
 Gave me her hand; her angel<sup>1</sup> in mine  
 ear  
 Announcing words of thrilling joy and fear —  
 'Thou art a priest for ever:' — to be de-  
 nied" . . .

But, suddenly, my Queen herself replied  
 (I stood at the altar, and 'twas sweet to hear):

man, of Mary for Jesus." Of course by "her priest" I mean her  
 servant in the priesthood.

<sup>1</sup> The bishop (Apoc. chap. 2).

“The words ’tis thine to utter — making bread  
The Body of thy Lord, and wine His Blood —  
What do they but effect the wondrous end  
Of mine this day to Gabriel’s ‘Ave’ said?<sup>1</sup>  
Behold His wish to be His dear ones’ Food  
On thy voice now, as then on mine, de-  
pend!”

March 25, 1875.

---

## A PETITION

**H**OW bold I grow in this new love,  
To ask thy Heart, that I may rest  
Where thy Creator-Spouse, the Dove,  
Has made His dearest, sweetest nest!

Full wise I ask it. Have I turn’d  
Elsewhere, ’tis only not in vain  
Because a lesson I have learn’d  
Which needs not to be taught again:

That other *home* is none for me.  
Tho’ many a gentle heart might prove

<sup>1</sup> “Ecce ancilla Domini,” etc.



An isle to touch at on the sea,  
My bark were portless should I rove.

Then let thy bosom be my home.  
And am I bold? 'Tis mine by right!  
Thy Son, my Brother, bids me come  
And dwell with Him there day and night.



### LAST FIRST

AH, had I never lov'd but thee —  
To thee my first, my only vow!  
Tho' thou dost seem content to be  
My Dearest, my Belovèd, now.

O darkness of the wasted years,  
When to invoke thy blessèd name  
Was theme for school-boy scoffs and jeers!  
For mine the loss — if not the blame.

I feel (unless too fondly sure)  
That, had I known thee from a child,  
Thy face had kept me true and pure,  
Since first it look'd at me and smiled.

My eager soul "must needs have loved"  
 So fair a "highest," had it "seen":<sup>1</sup>  
 And time had made thee, as it moved,  
 From boyhood's Mother manhood's Queen.

Yet can I murmur? Like thy Son,  
 'Tis thine, O Love, to glory more  
 In some frail, wounded, rescued *one*,  
 Than nine-and-ninety safe before.

Thou hold'st me dearer for that past  
 Where thou didst seek me at my worst:  
 And knowest that, if lov'd the last,  
*My last is best* — and best is first.



## TO BE FORGIVEN

**I** CALL thee "Love" — "my sweet, my  
 dearest Love":

Nor feel it bold, nor fear it a deceit.  
 Yet I forget not, that in realms above,  
 The thrones of seraphs are beneath thy feet.

<sup>1</sup> "We needs must love the highest when we see it." — Tennyson.

If Queen of angels thou, of hearts no less :  
And so of mine — a poet's, which must needs  
Adore to all melodious excess  
What cannot sate the rapture that it feeds.

And then thou art my Mother : God's, yet mine !  
Of mothers, as of virgins, first and best :  
And I as tenderly, intimately thine  
As He, my Brother, carried at the breast.

My Mother ! 'tis enough. If mine the right  
To call thee this, much more to muse and  
sigh  
All other honeyed names. A slave, I might —  
A son, I must. And both of these am I.



## REQUIES MEA

**K**EEP me, sweet Love ! Thy keeping is  
my rest.

Not safer feels the eaglet from beneath  
The wings that roof the inaccessible nest,  
Than I when thou art near me, dearest,  
best —

Whose love my life is, yea, my very breath !  
Thy Son to Egypt fled to prove our faith.  
Not Herod's men had snatch'd Him from *thy*  
breast,

Or changed His thronèd slumber into death.  
How wonderful thy keeping, mighty Queen !  
So close, so tender : and as if thine eyes  
Had only me to watch, thine arm to screen ;  
And this inconstant heart were such a prize !  
And thou, the while, in beatific skies,  
Art reigning imperturbably serene !



NON TIMEBIS A TIMORE NOC-  
TURNO <sup>1</sup>

O LOVE, I pray thee guard my bed :  
And evermore, when I recline,  
From thy sweet picture at its head  
There falls a pureness which is thine.

I feel thy shadow, and am blest :  
I know I shall not be defiled.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. xc. Office of Compline. "Thou shalt not be afraid  
for any terror by night."

And oh, at times I seem to rest  
On thy own bosom — like a child!

If break my slumber, straight to thee  
My thought, in loving murmurs, flies —  
As thou wert bending over me :  
And scarcely would thy face surprise.

And should I die, what sweeter death ?  
To dream my spirit out of night —  
Thy whisper for the morning's breath,  
Thy smile to wake me into light!

---

### UNDER A CLOUD

**A**H, Belovèd, thou canst never  
See me wounded and defiled,  
When thy pity's least endeavor  
Needs must save thy foolish child!

But for thee how vain my toiling !  
All is weakness — vileness all.  
Tyrant self the gain despoiling :  
Fresh the trial, fresh the fall.

Give me, then, to feel thee near me  
When I tremble in eclipse :  
Make me sure thou still dost hear me  
When the dry heart mocks the lips.

Love me, love me, dearest Mother !  
“Better is thy love than wine.”  
What to me were any other,  
If I knew I had not thine ?



SPES AGONIZANTIUM

**T**HOU wilt come to me in death —  
Come and take me to thy Son ?  
Come before my fitful breath  
Passes and the strife is done ?

When returning fears increase ;  
When the past eclipses heaven ;  
Thou wilt come and whisper peace —  
Tell me it is all forgiven ?

Thou wilt lend thy beauty's light  
When my darkness seeks thy face ?

Beam, and let my failing sight  
Hail thee present "full of grace"?

When the swimming world is gone,  
When that other life is mine,  
*Thou* wilt take me to thy Son?  
He will judge me but as thine?

Such my trust. O sweet my Love,  
Who has trusted thee and wept?  
Choose one more, then — just to prove  
How thy promises are kept.



### PER VINCULA LIBER <sup>1</sup>

**L**ADY, my mercy! what the prize  
You saw in me I cannot think,  
What time you "turn'd those pitying eyes"  
And snatch'd me from perdition's brink.

I call'd you not, that you should pray;  
Nor knew you: yet the grace was won.  
You took, unask'd, your own sweet way  
To bring me captive to your Son.

<sup>1</sup> "By bondage free."

And now in Him I live anew :  
  With His dear gifts my soul is fair :  
From His Heart comes its love of you,  
  His breath the fragrance of its prayer.

Yet, Lady, tho' I dare not doubt  
  ('Twere sin) your goodness or your power,  
I dread, and more than foes without,  
  This self — sure traitor every hour.

My peace that I must needs trust you,  
  My safety that you trust not me.  
Be tyrannous — to keep me true :  
  Load me with chains — to make me free.



O VALDE DECORA!<sup>1</sup>

COULD I but see thee, dear my Love!  
  That face — but once! Not dazzling  
  bright:  
Not as the blest above  
  Behold it in God's light :

<sup>1</sup> "O exceedingly beautiful!" — Antiphon.



But as it look'd at La Salette;  
Or when, in Pyrenean wild,  
It beamed on Bernadette,  
The favor'd peasant child.

Once seen — a moment — it would blind  
These eyes to beauty less than thine:  
And where could poet find  
Such theme for song as mine?

But if I ask what may not be,  
So spell me with thy pictur'd face,  
That haunting looks from thee  
May hold me like a grace.

---

### THE LADY OF THE LAKE

**A**LONE with Nature, in a round  
Of beauty 'neath a cloudless blue,  
To drink each spell of sight and sound,  
For ever old, for ever new;

Or, dreaming with the dreaming lake,  
That lovelier seems with every hour,

To muse the noon out, half-awake,  
In shade of tent or leafy bower :

All this had been in other years  
A joy as sweet and pure as now ;  
Had moved, perhaps, forgotten tears,  
A fresher heart, a blither brow.

Yet base were I to wish it back —  
That time the poet can recall  
As Eden lost. The scene would lack  
A dearer charm, the queen of all.

The lake would own no Lady then :  
Or if a mortal reign'd within,  
What spoke of *her* would bid me ken  
The winter of the once hath been.

But now, O Love, 'tis *thou* art here —  
Within, and so without. To me  
In Nature's glories thine appear :  
For God has made His world for thee.

LAKE GEORGE, August, 1871.

## NEVERMORE

I WATCHED, from the lake, love's planet set  
Toward the mountain's ebon bar.

I said : "This hour the eyes are wet  
That bid adieu to *their* love's star.

"It rose so fair, and shone so bright,  
A twilight spell — how swiftly o'er !  
For change the cloud, or death the night,  
That draws the murmur'd 'Nevermore' !"

But thou, thy poet's Star of love,  
Madonna ! if these eyes are wet,  
Which hail thee beautiful above,  
'Tis not that *thou* must pale and set.

'Tis joy that overflows in tears  
From out a heart at perfect rest :  
With thee to rule my rescued years,  
O when was bard so deeply blest ?

Ah, keep me true, my dearest Queen !  
That I may sing, as none before,  
The sweetest love hath ever been,  
A star that setteth — nevermore.

LAKE GEORGE, August, 1871.

PULCHRA UT LUNA<sup>1</sup>

THE moon, behind her pilot-star,  
Came up in orbèd gold;  
And slowly near'd a fleecy bar  
O'erfloating lone and cold.

I looked again and saw an isle  
Of amber on the blue:  
So changed the cloudlet by the smile  
That softly lit it through.

Another look, the isle was gone —  
As tho' dissolved away.  
And could it be so warmly shone  
That chaste and tender ray?

I said: "O star, the Faith art thou  
That brought my life its Queen —  
In her sweet light no longer now  
The vapor it has been.

"Shine on, my Queen: and so possess  
My being to its core,

<sup>1</sup> "Fair as the moon." — Cant. vi. 9.

That self may show from less to less,  
Thy love from more to more."

A touch of the oars, and on we slid  
My cedar boat and I.  
The dreaming water faintly chid  
Our rudeness with a sigh.

LAKE GEORGE, September, 1873.

---

### HER LOVE

'TIS round me with the air I breathe,  
And o'er me like the heaven above,  
And steadfast as the earth beneath —  
The mystery of Mary's love !

Chaste love — the truest, tenderest all  
Of mother, sister, spouse in one :  
My strength in trial and in fall,  
My glory when the strife is done :

Chaste fire, consume my life away !  
Burn out this self, this sensual dross,  
That clings to pleasures of a day,  
And hankers for the gain of loss !

## ASSUMPTA

## I

“**A**ND didst thou die, dear Mother of our Life?  
Sin had no part in thee : then how should  
death ?

Methinks, if aught the great tradition saith  
Could wake in loving hearts a moment's strife”  
(I said — my own with her new image rife),

“’Twere this.” And yet ’tis certain, next  
to faith,

Thou didst lie down to render up thy breath ;  
Tho’ after the Seventh Sword no meaner knife  
Could pierce that bosom. No, nor did. No  
sting

Of pain was there, but only joy. The love  
So long thy life ecstatic, and restrained  
From setting free thy soul, now gave it wing :  
Thy body, soon to reign with it above,  
Radiant and fragrant, as in trance, remained.

## II

Yes, Mother of God, tho’ thou didst stoop to die,  
Death could not mar thy beauty. On thy  
face

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO WHOSE NAMES ARE IN THE  
 THE NEW YORK OF THE NEW YORK  
 ALONG THE NEW YORK OF THE NEW YORK  
 AS THE NEW YORK OF THE NEW YORK  
 THE NEW YORK OF THE NEW YORK  
 THE NEW YORK OF THE NEW YORK  
 THE NEW YORK OF THE NEW YORK

The three five years and thirteen and four in  
March the year. We should the same  
March 1st year. The same the  
I want the the change in March same  
and year, at the same will same the same  
same.

It kept — the angels watching in the scene.

### III

"As thy sweet will." Then wherefore dost  
thou wilt

'To pass death's portal? To the outward ear  
'There comes no answer; but the heart can  
hear.

'Thy Son had passed it. Thou upon "the hill  
(Of woe)" hadst stood beside the Cross; and still  
Wouldst "follow the Lamb where'er He  
went." Of fear

Thou knewest naught. The cup's last drop,  
so dear  
To Him, thy love must share — or miss its fill.  
But more. Thy other children — even we —  
Must enter life thro' death. And couldst thou  
brook  
To watch our terrors at the dark unknown,  
Powerless to stay us with a sympathy  
Better than any tender word or look —  
Bidding our steps tread firmly in thine own?

---

### THE THREE EDENS

“Ascende, Domine, in requiem tuam :  
Tu et Arca sanctificationis tuæ.” — Ps. cxxxi.

**B**LOOM'D the first Eden not with Man  
alone,  
But Woman, equal Woman, at his side :  
And seemly was it when, together tried,  
They fell together — for the two were one.  
On Calvary stood the Mother by the Son :  
New Eve with second Adam crucified :  
And as thro' Eve in Adam we had died,



Thro' Mary was our loss, in Christ, undone.  
Then how should not the Paradise regained  
Behold its Eve beside her Adam throned :  
Both risen, both ascended — unprofaned  
Each virginal body, by the grave disowned ?  
Else had our Foe his conquest half main-  
tained :  
The primal ruin been but half atoned.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION, 1874.

---

## SECOND EVE

**P**REDESTINED second Eve. For this con-  
ceived

Immaculate — not lower than the first.  
Chosen beginner in the loss reversed,  
And mediatress in the gain achieved,  
When the new angel, as the old, believed  
Thy hearkening should bless whom Eve's had  
curst.  
And therefore we, whose bondage thou hast  
burst,  
Grateful for our inheritance retrieved,  
Must deem this jewel in thy diadem

The brightest : hailing thee alone " All Fair "  
Nor ever soil'd with the original stain.  
Alone, save Him whose Heart-blood bought the  
gem  
With peerless grace preventive none might  
share —  
Redemption's perfect end, all else tho' vain.

---

## IDEAL — REAL

SOLE rest, of womankind, for hearts that  
crave  
Immaculate perfection ! Only shrine  
For love that is religion — this of mine !  
No Casta Diva Rome or Hellas gave  
To school-boy years (so prone to dream and  
rave),  
No form ideal I was wont to pine  
At finding not, nor mortal deem'd divine,  
Could sate my heart — which, hungry as the  
grave,  
Made dust of all it gorged. I knew not thee.  
A barren creed had starved me. With the  
hour

That brought me faith's realities, arose  
 The One mine eyes were purified to see:  
 And wiser manhood built itself a bower —  
 A temple of all musical repose.



### INVOLATA

“**W**HO hast alone Inviolata remained,”<sup>1</sup>  
 Sings holy Church. And I too, Lady  
 sweet,

Can find no word to murmur at thy feet  
 Melodious as this — which thou hast deigned  
 To hear so often from a love unfeigned.

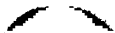
Ah, could my heart the tender thought re-  
 peat —

Inviolata — with its every beat,  
 And pour a ceaseless worship unrestrained!  
 Inviolata soul, inviolate body, thine —

Sin could not touch thee, nor the Tempter  
 near:

Pain no disease, and age no blemish gave:  
 More virgin for thy Motherhood divine:

<sup>1</sup> “*Quæ sola inviolata permansisti.*” — Antiphon.



Serene, sublime, 'mid sorrows without peer :  
Beauteous in death, untainted in the grave.

---

IMMACULATA

**I**MMACULATE! The very word  
Was made for thee, God's peerless love!  
The one low note by angels heard,  
As o'er thee hung the brooding Dove,

In that still moment when thy soul  
Became its generate body's form;  
And from the Cross to grace it stole  
A ruddy gleam Redemption-warm.

December 8, 1875.

---

TOTA PULCHRA<sup>1</sup>

**C**AN God so woo us, nor, of all our race,  
Have form'd one creature for His perfect  
rest?  
Must the Dove moan for an inviolate nest,

<sup>1</sup> Cant. iv. 7.

Nor find it ev'n in thee, O "full of grace" —  
In thee, His Spouse? Or could the Word de-  
base

His Godhead's pureness when He fill'd thy  
breast,

Tho' Moses treasured up, at His behest,  
The typical Manna in a golden<sup>1</sup> vase?

Who teach that sin had ever aught in thee,  
Utter a thought the demons may not share —  
Not tho' they prompt it in their fell despair:  
For these, while sullenly hating the decree  
That shaped thee forth Immaculate, "All  
Fair,"  
Adore it still — and must eternally.

---

### A LESSON

**I** FEEL so helpless, Lady, for the good  
Thou settest me to do: so slight and faint.  
All for not standing where I might have stood  
By this time — on the pathway of the saint.

<sup>1</sup> Ex. xvi. 33; Heb. ix. 4.

How we forget that we are not our own !  
 Not ours the right to throw an hour away :  
 No, nor a moment : nor to let alone  
 One good work offer'd in a crowded day.

For God may want the merit of a deed,  
 To grant a grace, or turn a mercy's scale :  
 And when to *us* this honor comes decreed,  
 What shall we answer if His purpose fail ?

For this, then, thou dost set me what demands  
 A saint ? I thank thee. Yet I dare assign  
 One other cause. So weak *my* lifted hands,  
 I the more passive instrument in *thine*.



## ANOTHER

**W**ITH a pang like the pang of despair  
 For one who will soon be dead —  
 Soon lost to the vain, vain prayer  
 Of a heart that has ached and bled —  
 I turn'd from the foot of the stair  
 You were calmly ascending, and fled —  
 Ay, fled — to the blessèd May air  
 And the evening peace o'erhead.

And methought, as I gazed at the West  
Yet aglow in its sunset pride,  
“How narrow this grief, this unrest!  
Yon heavens look scornfully wide.  
Why rack any longer my breast  
For a conquest to angels denied?  
And must not the Good — yea, the Best —  
Still triumph, whatever betide?”

But here something came from the skies:  
’Twas the voice of One near tho’ unseen:  
And I felt the reproach of those eyes  
Bending o’er me their tender serene.  
“For myself was I chasing the prize?  
Or for her — as a knight for his Queen?  
And if *she* tired of wills that despise,  
Where should *I*, pardon’d rebel, have been?”



### A TRUANT'S RETURN

“**A**BIDE with me!” “I need thee every  
hour!”  
As other hearts have murmur’d to thy Son,  
So mine to thee, dear Mother of my soul!

I faint from battle. Thou must take  
control.

Give me thy arm, thy Heart, to lean upon —  
My refuge from the Tempter's cruel power !

Wounded I moan'd to her ; and not in vain.

But she made answer : " Why didst *thou* leave  
*me* ?

Didst think I cared so little for thy love

To see withdrawn *one* token, and approve ?

I counted it desertion, tho' to thee

It seem'd thy right." " My Queen, 'tis thine  
again ! "



## MAY

THE month of Maia — Cýbele's Roman  
name —

Ere Rome was Christ's.<sup>1</sup> And 'twas for  
Vulcan's priest

To kindle at her shrine the rosy flame

On sweet May-day. Womb'd in the fruitful  
East,

<sup>1</sup> Maia, or Majesta, was one of the names of Cybele. (Not to be confounded with Maia, the mother of Hercules.)



Not vainly Westward, as the myths increased,  
This purer rite, nor unprophetic, came :

A flower that should be gather'd for the feast  
Of Truth, with more that erst deck'd Pagan  
shame.

No fabled mother of vain gods we pray,<sup>1</sup>

But our Emmanuel's Mother — sinless Maid.<sup>2</sup>  
To her we give, with hymns and posies gay,  
This fairest month — our hearts on her altar  
laid,

That love of her, like touch of chastest fire,  
May purge them from the dross of low desire.



## THE ESPOUSALS OF OUR LADY <sup>3</sup>

[Scene. — *Before the Temple steps, as in celebrated picture.*]

ST. JOSEPH

(Awaiting the arrival of the Blessed Virgin :)

FROM boyhood up I had but one desire :  
To live alone with God — as much alone  
As wholesome concourse with my fellow-men,

<sup>1</sup> Cybele was the "mater deum" of the Greeks and Romans.

<sup>2</sup> Mother of Emmanuel, therefore Mother of God. The Second Person of the Trinity is her Son.

<sup>3</sup> Written for a Sunday-school celebration.

And scope of humble traffic, would allow :  
Not sullenly churlish : with a helping hand  
For others' need — but peacefully obscure.  
And so, when came the glow of youth, and  
thoughts

Of woman's love dawn'd roseate, I upraised  
My heart to Him who was indeed to me  
The Good Supreme, the Beauty Infinite ;  
And made, at once, a vow perpetual  
Of perfect chastity : and straightway knew  
'Twas He had drawn me to it.

Strangely, then,  
Sounded the high priest's message, summoning  
The unwed of David's lineage, who had claim,  
By sacred right of kinship, to espouse  
Its sole surviving maiden — bidding them  
Bring each a wand, whereby the Lord might  
show

Whom He had chosen — and among them me,  
Nearest of kin, but trusting to lie hid,  
Half-way in the fifth decade of my years.  
Yet, ever wont to obey the voice divine,  
Within heard or without, I came, and stood  
Unseemly 'mid the suitors. Then the wands  
Were laid upon the altar — the high priest

Seeking the sign to Moses given of yore,  
When in the wilderness the tribes rebell'd  
'Gainst privileged Aaron. So we knelt, and went,  
And waited on the Lord.

And I that night,  
Like Joseph, son of Jacob, dream'd a dream : —  
I saw a maiden, robed in purest white,  
Sit throned where once, in Solomon's vanished  
fane,

Reposed the Ark, beneath the Mercy-seat,  
Within the holy of holies. While I gazed,  
Behold, a sudden vista of long light  
Opened as into heaven, and swiftly a dove  
Descended on the maid, yet settled not,  
But o'er her head hung brooding ! Then a  
voice

Said softly : " Fear not, Joseph, for thy vow.  
Bride of the Dove is she ; and thou, her spouse,  
Shalt guard her for her Spouse." Whereat I  
woke,

Astonished : and to find upon the morrow,  
That one of the rods had budded in the night —  
Budded and blossom'd ; and that rod was mine !

[*Sings:*]

Though the dream brought me peace, there is  
mystery still :

But in time He will solve it, the Lord of my  
love.

'Tis enough that I know I am wedding His will—  
Beheld in this maiden, the “Bride of the  
Dove.”

Ah, who can she be—there enthroned as a  
bride

Where the Ark of the Covenant rested of  
old?

Is it she for whose advent our fathers have  
sigh'd—

The long-promised Virgin the prophet fore-  
told?

And what was the Dove? When the voice said  
“her Spouse,”

Did it mean that Jehovah had seal'd her His  
own?

Has she too, like me, made the sweetest of  
vows—

To live evermore for divine love alone?

But she comes : and I feel that the angels are  
here.

Their charge to be mine ! They will share  
it, then, still.

And the dear God Himself, was He ever so near ?  
Be at peace, O my soul ! Thou art wedding  
His will.

### THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

*[Entering, with attendant maidens, sings:]*

**M**Y God, to Thee I bow :  
Thy will is ever mine.  
Thy grace inspired the vow  
That made me wholly Thine.

If Thou dost bid me wed,  
Thou canst but guide aright.  
I follow, darkly led,  
Till break the perfect light.

I take my chosen lord,  
And plight him troth for Thee.  
So find Thy sovran word  
Its Handmaid still in me !

CHORUS OF ANGELS

*[After the Spousal-rite has been ratified by the high priest:]*

ALL hail, blest pair, all hail!  
As yet ye little know  
What words that cannot fail  
To after times will show.

Not angel eyes command  
The glorious lot that waits  
As meekly, hand in hand,  
Ye leave the Temple's gates.



ON THE FEAST OF THE PURIFI-  
CATION

HAPPY those turtle-doves that went, my  
Queen,  
With you to the Temple — tho' to death they  
went.  
Could they have known, they had been full  
content  
To give their little lives. And well I ween

Your pitying hand caress'd them ; and between  
The turns you took with Joseph (favor'd  
Saint !)

At carrying Jesus, you would soothe their  
plaint

And hold to your Heart their bosoms' silver  
sheen.

But cherish more my sister sweet and me.

Carry *within* your Heart, and all the way,

Our souls to the true Temple. Offer'd so,  
They cannot perish — no, nor parted be :

For He whom you presented on this day

Whom you present His own must ever  
know.

1876.



## THE SMILE

**I** WAS sad — 'twas a folly to go —

'Mid the laugh of the young and the  
gay :

I was lonely for one that I know ;

For my sweet sister, then far away —

In her calm convent-home far away.

But my Queen, *she* was not far away?  
She could sunshine my heart with her grace?  
Ah, yes! But I pined for a ray  
Such as beams from a visible face —  
From the soul in my Angela's face.

And you pitied me, too, O my Queen!  
For you sent me the face of a child:  
A virginal face of fourteen,  
With a pureness so bright when it smiled,  
That all day it was *you* who had smiled!

1877.

---

NOT YET

**M**ETHOUGHT the "King of Terrors"  
came my way:

Whom all men flee, and none esteem it base.  
But lo, his smile forbidding me dismay,

I stood — and dared to look him in the face.  
"So soon!" the only murmur in my heart:

For I had planned the deeds of many years:  
Ambitioning atonement, and, in part,

To reap in joy what I had sown in tears.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ps. cxxv. 5, 6.



Then turning to Our Lady : “ O my Queen,  
’Twere very sweet already to have won  
My crown, and pass to see as I am seen,  
And nevermore offend thy blessèd Son :  
Yet would I stay — and for myself, I own : —  
To win a little nearer to thy throne.”

---

### IN CORDE JESU

**M**Y Queen, thou knowest I would bring all  
hearts

To love thee, if I could — and more than  
mine.

Mine should be last and least. For love  
of thee,

Unlike all other, breeds not jealousy,  
But rather makes its captive moan and pine  
(Sure proof that ’tis a passion grace imparts)

To see thee lov’d thy due. But ah, if all  
Of Adam’s race should love thee with the  
love

Of Joseph and of John, ’twere not thy due !  
For this no more the many than the few

Suffice; nor would yon myriad worlds above,  
Peopled with souls had never known a fall.

The gather'd love of angels fails no less.

'Tis God's alone can satisfy the claim —

And that (glad thought!) o'erflows the  
measure's brim.

Yet should I find deficiency in Him,  
Did He not call thee by the dearest name  
Of Mother, and with human lips express

A human heart. But now I may not pine.

The Heart of Jesus loves thee all thy due

(A love the sweeter that there is but one).

And with His Heart *I* love thee, and atone  
For hearts estranged, or lukewarm, or half-  
true,

And all the base inconstancies of mine.



## **PART II**

**FROM 1880 TO 1898**



## THE TEMPTATION

LATE afternoon in summer. Earth and sky  
Bathed in the light that hour alone can  
shed.

In shady nook, with outlook on a lake,  
Lay one of mood contemplative. His heart  
Sent up its silent orisons to God;  
Touching the Master's touch, and, mind to  
mind,  
Tasting the Infinite Beauty. Then — his  
wont —

He murmur'd an *Ave* to that fairest fair  
Of creatures, who is Queen of all the rest.  
For all sweet hours of day or night, all times  
Of commune with great Nature, ever brought  
His Lady-love before him; and he knew  
No joy so thrilling as the thought of her —  
Her loveliness, her glory, and the proofs  
Many and tender she had deigned to give  
That in her bosom was a place for him.

And here some thoughts that morning jotted  
down  
Broke softly on the stillness — flowing thus :

When o'er mine eyes her image lies,  
From poring on her pictur'd face,  
Till soaring thought has almost caught  
The features of the Throne of Grace :  
I strive to press the vision in —  
Deep down into my soul — and  
say :  
“ Blind with thy light, O beauteous  
ray,  
These wonted avenues of sin ! ”

For could I meet, O Lady sweet !  
That peerless face I long to see —  
Those eyes of blue, which look me through,  
And still can watch me lovingly ;  
The charm would haunt me with its  
bliss :  
No less than, should I hear thee  
speak,  
That music evermore would wreak  
Its own melodious Nemesis !

But spirits malign are with us everywhere :  
And soon a voice far other than his Queen's  
Scoff'd answer :

“ If the poet sing at all,  
Be it to ears that hear. Else, less a waste  
To keep his ditties pent within his soul.  
And think you to bewitch a cultur'd age  
With mediæval myths long voted stale ?  
Dreamer of vain ideals, go, exchange  
Your pale Madonna for the Paphian queen :  
Or if — too frigid for the glowing theme —  
You needs must hymn some Casta Diva, choose  
Dian ; and paint her with her virgin train  
By moonlight sleeping, or in morn-flush'd wave  
White-shining. See you not, the world awakes  
From Galilean nightmare, and re-tunes  
Her slacken'd chords for old triumphant Pan ? ”

“ Too fast,” quoth he. “ The Pagan comes  
again  
In morals, if you will ; but brings not back  
The poesy sublime, deific lore,  
Which saw divinity in Nature still,  
Tho' blind to Nature's God. 'Twas Pantheist  
then —



In garb religious dight, with priest and cult :  
But now crude, cold, and creedless Atheist.

“Nor talk of mediæval themes as stale,  
Even if myths they be. No myth is mine.  
Where else finds Tennyson enchanted ground  
For epic idyl ?” —

“Ay, forsooth ! and *he* —

Bard of ideal knights and maids and wives —  
Baits cunningly with ‘Vivien’ and ‘Etarre,’  
‘Isolt’ and ‘Guinevere,’ to catch the taste  
That fails to relish ‘Enid’ and ‘Elaine’ !”

“Say, rather, that he sets in brighter light  
True womanhood by contrast. So he makes  
A foil of ‘Lancelot’ for the ‘blameless King.’  
But — say thy list — he holds this cultur’d age  
In need of models from an age despised :  
The age of chivalry, if ‘rude’ yclept ;  
Of faith, if ‘dark’ ; and so of faith’s ideals —  
If myths, yet never vain.

Least vain is mine,  
As thou, lost spirit, knowest but too well.  
What wouldst not give to love the Queen of  
heaven,

And serve among her angel ministers !  
If I, then, loving her, would humbly make  
My muse her handmaid, think not thine the  
    skill  
To bribe me from my purpose, couldst thou  
    offer  
A glory that should onward bear my name  
Till time's last waters meet eternity.

“ I sing not for the many. Some there are  
With ears to hear, and hearts to love the more.  
But my ambition's height is so to sing  
That I may one day meet my Lady's smile,  
And wear a laurel from her own dear hands.”

VIA IMMACULATA <sup>1</sup>

## I

**M**ARY, thou chosen, thou Immaculate Way  
Whereby our Jesus came unto His own;  
Behold, to *me* He comes, to make a throne  
Of my poor heart for brief, but gracious, stay !

<sup>1</sup> “The Immaculate Way” (a devotion for Holy Communion).

Let me by *thee* receive Him : for I may,  
Since thus the world received Him — thus  
alone.

Lend me thy Heart, that treasure only known  
At its full worth by Him who comes to-day.

Come to me, then, O Jesus— come, my King!  
For see, I offer Thee a sinless Heart —  
The one which drew Thee earthward in the  
hour

When, swifter than the glad archangel's wing,  
Thou answeredst Mary's answer! Nor depart  
Till she hath spoil'd thee a rich mercy's  
dower.

## II

And now, my Queen, since thou with thy  
true Heart

Hast given me thy blessèd Son once more,  
Abide with me, to thank Him and adore.  
From thy sweet company He will not part,  
How poor soever mine — whose utmost art  
Is having *thee* to please Him and implore.  
And I, in turn, will add unto the store  
Of joy which heal'd thy sword-pierced bosom's  
smart.

Yes, Lady : here is gift for gift. Behold  
This same dear Son of thine, and with Him  
me!

His Heart, with all its love, I give thee  
back;

And in it mine, so little, poor, and cold !

Accept the drop within the boundless sea :

For in that ocean thou canst find no lack.

FEAST OF THE PURITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

October, 1880.

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A CORDE MARIÆ

“**H**EART of Mary, be my home  
Through the toilsome years to come.  
Few or many let them be,  
So I live them all in thee.

“ Be my chapel when I pray :  
Be my altar day by day :  
Be my recollection sweet,  
My perpetual retreat.

“ If thy priest (for such my trust),  
Keep me pure and mild and just :

Thy apostle, give me power:  
If thy poet, be my bower."

Thus the new priest made his prayer,  
Kneeling at Our Lady's altar.  
For he felt 'twas she had call'd him:  
Else had such a cross appall'd him  
As the one he shoulder'd there  
With a trust that did not falter.

Well he knew, from bitter past,  
Nothing in himself avail'd him;  
Who to her sweet interceding  
Owed his faith with all its leading —  
All the grace had held him fast,  
All the help had never fail'd him.

. . . . .

Twice four years had flow'd away;  
Happy years, yet theme for sorrow.  
Years of many wasted graces;  
Years o'errun with folly's traces —  
Ah, how oft the bright to-day  
Bringing down the dark to-morrow!

Yet, through all, had Mary's Heart  
Kept a faithful vigil o'er him.

If he left her, basely truant,  
She was evermore pursuant —  
With a mother's patient art  
Shaping still his way before him.

So that, when at last he clomb  
(Knowing 'twas her hand that beckon'd)  
Up to higher paths and surer,  
Stronger air, and sunshine purer —  
Scaled to find the chosen home  
All that fondest hope had reckon'd —

Was it strange that, full of rest  
On a love would never vary,  
He should pledge that love requital,  
Taking for his new name's title <sup>1</sup>  
One which told his story best —  
Simply "Of the Heart of Mary" ?

<sup>1</sup> In taking one's "new name," upon entrance into religious life, one receives not only the name of some Saint, but also what is called a "title" — *vis.*, "*of*" . . . some person or some thing (*e.g.*, "of the Holy Ghost," "of the Five Wounds," "of the Heart of Mary").

## AT HOME

**T**HERE'S a Star that I follow, of kindest  
ray :

For she never has fail'd, never led me astray,  
Since the hour she look'd down on a sea that  
was dark,

To guide my toss'd boat to the one saving Ark.

'Tis for her I am here, at her gentle com-  
mand;

For a work that is hers in this strange Southern  
land :

And I find souls as precious, and hearts warm  
and true,

As on those belov'd shores I have bidden adieu.

But a dearer joy still — ah, how wordlessly  
dear ! —

Is the sense of her presence so tenderly near.

Oh, never was sister or lover, I ween,

Could sunshine the heart like my beautiful  
Queen !

Sweet Mother of God, my inviolate Love !

What more can I ask, till I see thee above,

Than to feel in this exile, where'er I may  
 roam,  
 Thy keeping my rest, and thy bosom my  
 home?

BUENOS AYRES, February, 1884.

---

TO FLORENCE :

BORN WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASSUMPTION

**O**UR Lady's bright triumphal feast  
 To me grows dearer year by year,  
 For some new charm 'tis sure to gain :  
 As now, to grace its memories' chain,  
 One blossom more — with sunny tear  
 Bejewell'd from a faith-lit East —

Your birthday. To be born at all  
 Within the month we consecrate  
 To Mary's Heart, is boon, I ween,  
 More than the heirdom of a queen :  
 That Heart the heavenly palace Gate  
 For those who love its gentle thrall.

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But you, within this octave born,  
Are highlier favor'd, happy girl !  
Our Lady keeps you in her Heart  
Nearer its centre — more apart.  
To me, you rest there like a pearl  
In depths all rosy with the morn

Of love that grows to perfect day.

. . . . .  
Yet think not mine an idle lute,  
To flattery tuned. Less yours the wrong  
Than hers were then this tribute song.  
Better the chords forever mute  
Than sounding one untruthful lay.

Be sure your place in Mary's Heart  
Will cost you dearly. You must learn  
The precious lore of sacrifice.  
And 'tis, in sooth, a heavy price  
For one who craves, at every turn,  
Her own sweet will — if such the art

*You* follow for a life of peace ?  
If wiser, then but ponder well  
The sorrows of that sinless breast —  
Which yet knew naught to mar its rest :

Ask why and whence the dolorous spell  
That ruled her — but with joy's increase —

Since first the angel's *Ave* woke  
Her maiden tremor, till the hour  
When, exile o'er, she stoop'd to death?  
And why, at last, that yielded breath?  
Where sin had never reign'd, what power  
Had vanquish'd death to deal his stroke?

One answer waits: So will'd it God.  
And she, His Handmaid evermore,  
Nor counting aught but love for loss,  
Drank her Son's chalice, shared His Cross;  
And, while each step her heart-strings tore,  
In blood-stained footprints firmly trod!

So will'd it God. And, winning thus  
The crown of perfect sacrifice,  
She took her seat on Jesus' throne  
By right of conquest like His own;  
Nor claim'd her place in Paradise  
By dower of grace unshared with *us*.

Then school thee well, child, where thou art:  
No choicer school, no kinder home.

Howe'er our skies may change their  
weather,  
May thou and I abide together  
Where now, for many a year to come,  
I wish thee joy — in Mary's Heart !

BUENOS AYRES, August 19, 1885.

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### TO MY SISTER AMY

“ **H**ER face is tow'rd Jerusalem<sup>1</sup> — of Peace  
the Vision fair ;<sup>2</sup>  
Though little knows she yet, dear girl, the full  
feast waiting there.  
Nor falter now, but firmly tread,  
Her eager footsteps, mercy-led.”

So musing, sweet, when came to-day your letter  
from the sea —  
Triumphant o'er the ruthless waves which sun-  
der you and me —  
I hail'd with joy that not in vain  
My fond prayer soars and soars again.

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke, ix. 51-53.

<sup>2</sup> Jerusalem means “ Vision of Peace.”

Ay, morn and eve : but most, what time before  
    God's altar stands  
Your brother, and Our Lord Himself lies Victim  
    in his hands,  
    He thinks of you, and lifts on high  
    The Host, the Chalice, with a sigh  
That asks the help, the light, the strength you  
    need to follow on  
Until the gift of perfect faith, the City's gate,  
    be won.  
    And your dear name is uppermost  
    When I would sue the Holy Ghost  
With hymn and collect, tenderly, for all my  
    kith and kin,  
That He, whose grace o'erflows the Church,  
    may surely bring them in ;  
    Or bid, at least, her saving power  
    Shadow their souls in life's last hour.  
And oh, how calmly, day by day, I place you  
    in the Heart  
Of God's own Blessed Mother, who will do  
    her loving part !  
    I see her peerless title shine  
    Your guiding-star, as once 'twas mine.

Our Lady, then, you know her now, and own  
our homage true :

But have not thought of her, I ween, as *your*  
sweet Mother too ?

Ah, call her so, and you shall prove  
The wonders of that new-found love !

BUENOS AYRES, JUNE 30, 1885.

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## THE WREATH AND THE FLOWER

### I

I CULL'D my Queen the choicest blooms  
That grow in poet's garden ;  
For well I knew who thus presumes  
Need never ask her pardon.

I wove a wreath of honeyed flowers,  
The brightest and the rarest.  
But one was left to sun and showers —  
The simplest, yet the fairest.

I thought, because 'twas found beside  
The highways and the hedges ;  
In knots where quiet streamlets glide,  
Or lone on rocky ledges ;

'Twas all too common for a crown  
As rare as I was wreathing :  
Yet none so fitting her renown,  
Or richer fragrance breathing.

II

My wreath, 'twas every sweetest name  
Of cunning love's devising :  
A garland some would scorn to frame,  
As 'neath Our Lady's prizing.

And that one flower of common growth,  
Yet fairer than all other?  
A word no lips are ever loath  
To voice — the name of Mother.

She, of all mothers, needs must love  
This tender name most dearly.  
No angel-note she hears above  
Can touch her Heart so nearly.

For — more than any music when  
Her mortal children sigh it —  
The Lord of angels and of men,  
Her Maker, calls her by it !

III

Then, radiant Queen, thou fairest fair —  
 Who with a smile undoest  
 All other chains thy captives wear —  
 Of true-loves thou the truest !

If I, among thy bondsmen least —  
 This heart so oft betrays thee —  
 May yet, as now, on *thy* Heart's feast,  
 A chaplet weave to praise thee :

'Mid rarer blooms I deftly twine  
 From wealth of poet's bower,  
 A dewy gem shall frequent shine,  
 That one sweet, simple flower.

So, for thine eyes, the wreath shall mean  
 (Small matter what for other) :  
 "My dearest Love, because my Queen —  
 But more, because my Mother."

FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY, 1886.

## TWO FLOWERS

## I

THESE Carmen<sup>1</sup> Camps' delicious green,  
While others mourn the lingering drought,  
Turns thought to thee, my dearest Queen!  
These breezes, too, which waft about  
Thy blessing — balmy airs, that bring  
Thus early, in the wonted hour  
Of chilling gales,<sup>2</sup> the sense of Spring —  
Remind us of thy gentle power.

## II

Our Lady of Mount Carmel keeps  
Around her town<sup>3</sup> a garden fair,  
And richer dews than evening weeps  
Are falling ever fruitful there.  
And one choice flower 'tis mine to know:  
A lily — all so pure and sweet

<sup>1</sup> "Carmen" is Spanish for Carmel. The "Carmen Camps" are the plains around Carmen de Areco, a town in the Province of Buenos Ayres.

<sup>2</sup> September is the March of this climate.

<sup>3</sup> The town is named after Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and has its church dedicated to her.



That only Mary's self can show  
The treasure blooming at her feet.

To me she shows it. Ay, my Queen :  
Thou bidst me prize what thou dost prize;  
And 'tis enough when I have seen  
Wherever rest those gracious eyes.

And lo ! beside this lily rare  
A rose unfolds its blushing leaves,  
And looks — so fresh, so free from care —  
But form'd to smile where nothing grieves !

It shall. But ah ! not yet, not here,  
Can rose or lily smile for aye !  
There's need of many an April tear  
To deck them for eternal May.

## III

How favor'd I, to share a task  
Which angels covet — yea, thine own,  
Sweet Mother ! Thou hast deign'd to ask  
A prayer at Jesus' altar-throne —

A faithful prayer through years to come —  
To help thee cherish lives like these !  
    . . . . .

I promise. Let my Northern home  
Reclaim me — daily o'er the seas

Shall memory, dove-like, wing her flight,  
To circle round thy Carmen bower :  
Until that other garden's light  
With glory robe each fadeless flower.

September, 1886.

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## VIRGO FIDELIS

OF all thy titles, O my Queen and Mother,  
In this sweet Litany said or sung —  
A row of pearls so deftly strung,  
'Tis hard to call one fairer than another —

“Virgo Fidelis” is to me the dearest.  
Nor only that it brings to view  
Thy perfect faith, so staunchly true,  
And trustful Heart, to *His* Heart ever nearest

Who would not die without thee standing by  
Him ;

Who proved thee in thy Dolors Seven,  
And left thee when He went to heaven  
(Knowing thou wouldst not even this deny Him)

To watch with all a mother's best devotion  
 Over the new-born Church, and grow  
 Into its very life-blood's flow  
 Of holiest thought and tenderest emotion.

But more, thy faithfulness as mine own  
 Mother —

To one so basely mean to thee;  
 One so unworthy ev'n to be  
 Last of thy servants, less than lowest other!

'Tis this, all this, I hear in that sweet title,  
 "Virgo Fidelis." Ah! 'twere woe —  
 'Twere blank despair — did I not know  
 Thou hast in Jesus' love thy full requital.

Lent, 1888.

---

## TO MY SISTER AMY BECOME A CATHOLIC

"**A**T last within the Gates," I said: "within  
 the Jasper<sup>1</sup> Walls!  
 Where comes not darkness — no, nor mist —  
 but ever sweetly falls

<sup>1</sup> Apoc. xxi. 18. — How significant, that the walls of the New Jerusalem (the Church) are of the same material as the first founda-

The light of perfect faith, the peace  
Where doubts are dead and errors cease."

Dear sister mine, though ruthless waves roll  
longer 'twixt us now,  
And I waft kisses o'er the snow on Aconcagua's  
brow,  
Yet are we nearer than before —  
Than when I sang from Plata's shore.

Ay, nearer than the happy day when heart to  
heart we stood;  
When home I came and found you grown to  
blooming womanhood —  
Just sixteen summers older — you  
Whom I had left a child of two:

For oh! how little knew we then each other's  
deeper thought!  
No word had ever cross'd the void my Roman  
faith had wrought —  
A gulf that parted home and me  
With wider reach than Atlas' sea.

tion-stone (v. 19), on which is the name of the first Apostle (v. 14) !  
Peter's faith is not only the first foundation of the Church, but forms  
the very walls that encompass her.

But now, for both, this Roman faith, which  
caused those silent years,  
Is more than closest tie of blood — more  
sacredly endears :

Nor mountains rise nor ocean rolls  
Can sunder now our hearts and souls.

O twice my sister — in the bond of one all-  
precious faith,  
Which knits our very spirits here, and will not  
break at death !

What reck if yet we cannot meet  
But in devotion pure and sweet ?

One home of truth, one realm of grace, one  
Sacrifice divine,  
One Mother Mary's Heart of love — all this is  
yours and mine ;  
And nearness of supreme content  
In the Most Blessed Sacrament !

VALPARAISO, CHILI, 1888.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "SHE"<sup>1</sup>

I.

I WEEN was never a more potent spell  
Than thine, Magician, in this weird  
romance.

For deeper minds, it leads no idle dance  
Thro' realistic scenes ; but ponders well  
The mystery of Life : the rise and swell  
Of Time's great tides : their promise-bright  
advance,  
And pitiless ebb — which seems, to mortal  
glance,  
So fate-fraught, and evokes melodious knell.

And what our sense of immortality ?  
Does it but mean we live again, again,  
Re-incarnated, yet to cease at last ?  
Ah, Truth is a "veil'd goddess" unto thee !<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These sonnets were originally written in 1888, during my stay in Chili, and appeared in the London *Month*, over the signature of "Theophilus." Several changes have since been made ; and the first eight lines of the fourth sonnet written anew, for the reason that I had made *Ustane* rhyme with "vain" — whereas the name should be pronounced *Oostábneb*.

<sup>2</sup> See the splendid chapter headed "The Temple of Truth."

Tho' Hope and Love shine star-like not in  
vain

To guide thee upward from the groping  
past.

## II

Thou speakest of the Spirit Infinite,  
Whose hand hath set the myriad orbs of  
space

To run their courses. From His breath the  
race

Of Man hath being; from His wisdom light.

Yet seemeth He to use a boundless might

In sporting with creation. We may trace

His presence, but shall never see His face;

And needs must worship His unquestion'd  
right.

I gather such thy creed. Yet thou dost long

To rest in vision of the Perfect Good —

Fruition of the Beautiful, the True :

Wherein thy spirit, ever fresh and strong,

May sate its hunger on celestial food —

Knowledge and Love — with relish ever  
new.

III

Then, whence this longing? Comes it not from  
Him

Who form'd thee? Thou art conscious of a  
soul.

Then, say not He has made the golden bowl  
To break, nor rather fill it to the brim.  
Thou wouldst not charge Him with caprice or  
whim?

Yet, had He left us pressing toward a goal  
Forever out of reach, let ages roll —  
No Word divine where reason's light is dim,  
No answer to the universal cry  
Of children feeling for a Father's arms —  
How were He God? How Goodness  
absolute?

But God He is. And this the only why  
That Knowledge doth not mock us with its  
charms,  
And Love yields more than ashes for its fruit.

IV

Not mine the thought that thou dost overrate  
The strength of woman's love in braving  
pain —  
Ay, death itself. "Ustané" pleads in vain,



Then meets unflinchingly her cruel fate.  
And SHE, repentant Ayesha,<sup>1</sup> dares to wait  
Two thousand years till *he* shall come again  
Whom for his truth her jealous hand hath  
slain;  
Nor, dying, deems a second age too late.

If ever human love be "strong as death,"  
'Tis woman's. Hers a patience, and a trust,  
A constancy that prove the deeper heart:  
And most in Motherhood. I match my faith  
With thine in woman's love. Do thou —  
'tis just —  
Match thine with mine in God's love ere  
we part.

## v

For whence hath woman's heart its wondrous  
dower?  
The gift of Him that made it. But to give  
Is theirs who *have*. In God, then, must it  
live,  
This tender love and true — this priceless power  
To bless in joy's, to soothe in sorrow's, hour —

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced "Asaha," Mr. Haggard tells us.

This constancy, so patient to achieve  
 A conquest, and so often doom'd to grieve  
 O'er some frail prize that withers like a flower.

Yea, He who gave must *have* withal. And I  
 Learn God's love more from Woman than  
 from Man,  
 From Mother than from Father. But with  
*Him*  
 It cannot fail in purpose. Ah, then, why  
 Wilt thou not trust it, tho' it work a plan  
 That baffles us where reason's light is dim?

VI

Enough for me, that when He came to save  
 His fallen world (to thee not unbeknown  
 The Christian's lore), from woman's heart  
 alone  
 He took the virginal ransom which He gave.  
 See Him a Babe in Bethlehem's stable-cave!  
 Was ever winsome love so sweetly shown?  
 That Mother: will He keep *her* all His own —  
 The one pledge more our timid faith would  
 crave?

Ah no ! He makes her from the very Cross  
Our Mother, with a prayer that cannot  
fail—

A prayer shall hold His mercy when He  
needs  
Must judge us !

What if heresy spurn for dross  
This chain of gold ? No truth has more  
avail

With Wisdom's children in the creed of  
creeds.

## VII

Ay, One I know, true Ayesha, second Eve :  
No fond ideal of what can never be,  
Yet peerless Queen of womankind is she,  
Past fairest all that poet-thought may weave.  
Conceiv'd Immaculate ; chosen to conceive  
Incarnate Godhead : Queen of chastity ;  
Nor less of mercy, tho' herself so free  
From shadow of stain ! Ah, didst thou but be-  
lieve

In this sweet Virgin with her twofold love  
Maternal — then, as mirror'd in a lake,

The beauty of God would feast thy happy  
sight :  
Nor wouldst thou seek to pierce the skies  
above —  
Content to trust a Goodness which could make  
In darkling world such depths of perfect  
light !

VINA DEL MAR, CHILI,  
1888.

---

TO MY SISTER CONSTANCE

I JOY in thinking, dearest sister mine,  
That you were born into this world of strife  
So near the Birthday of the Lord of life,  
Who brought the empire of a peace divine.<sup>1</sup>  
For see! The royal Maid of David's line  
To Bethlehem comes as humble Joseph's  
wife;  
And turns her from the inn, where tongues  
are rife  
With jest and gibe — or, if some heart incline  
To pity the young Mother, none will brave  
Discomfort for her sake : — ay, turns away —

<sup>1</sup> Born December 22d.

And God within her — following her spouse  
To meanest shelter in a stable-cave :

And there, for all the quiring angels' lay,  
Creation's King and Queen with beasts  
must house !

That inn the blind, self-seeking world. How  
blest

To live, like Mary, hidden and unknown,  
Are you, amid a world which "loves its  
own,"

But shuts out God, with whom alone is rest !  
Your favorite task, too, is of all the best :

To tend and teach the lowly ; who may  
groan

At worldly doors for comfort, grudged if  
thrown ;

In health as cattle deem'd, in sickness pest.

'Tis thus *you* house it with the wondrous Three,  
Whom yet you view but as in pictur'd  
story.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Newman, in his "Grammar of Assent" (p. 57), says of Anglicanism : "It is not a religion of persons and things, of acts of faith and of direct devotion ; but of sacred scenes and pious sentiments. . . . Its doctrines are not so much facts, as stereotyped aspects of facts ; and it is afraid, so to say, of walking round them.

God's touch of grace must give you other sight.

And this I pray Him — that, as once to me  
Stole from that midnight grot a ray of glory,<sup>1</sup>  
So thence to you may come faith's perfect light.

FEAST OF ST. EDMUND OF CANTERBURY.

It induces its followers to be content with this meagre view of revealed truth ; or, rather, it is suspicious and protests, or is frightened, as if it saw a figure in a picture move out of its frame, when Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, or the Holy Apostles are spoken of as real beings, and really such as Scripture implies them to be." I mean, then, that a pious Anglican may believe no less than a Catholic in the Gospel story of the Nativity ; and, again, from devotion to the poor for Our Lord's sake, may feel quite at home in the grotto of Bethlehem, as regards its opposition to the spirit of worldliness : yet that only we Catholics can feel *personally* at home there, as *ourselves members* of the Holy Family — brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ, with His Father (whose representative or "shadow" we behold in St. Joseph) for our Father, and His Mother for our Mother.

<sup>1</sup> The glory, to wit, of the divine Maternity ; and, therefore, a ray of light as to Our Blessed Lady's place in the kingdom of the Incarnation.

## THE ROSARY

**I** KNOW a garden of roses sweeter far  
Than ever woo'd the amorous nightingale,  
Or glisten'd dewy to the vesper star  
In fairest Eastern vale.

For lo, the King and Queen of all the flowers  
Did plant this Eden in the realm of Prayer—  
Endow'd with murmurous streams and restful  
bowers  
And ever gentle air!

But loveliest charm the roses white and red;  
That fade not when we cull them, but will  
breathe  
Immortal fragrance when the crowns are dead  
Which pride and pleasure wreathes.

And who may enter here? What hands may  
dare  
To gather of these roses? All for whom  
Faith keeps the gate: no angel standing there  
With flaming sword of doom.

Not youth alone, nor innocence, shall find  
The morning freshness and the noonday rest:

But toil and age, worn body, weary mind,  
And conscience-stricken breast.

Yea, guilt herself may come and bind the brow  
Which many a harden'd year has paled and  
wrinkled —

With garlands from a better wave, I trow,  
Than fabled Lethe sprinkled.



### A FAREWELL<sup>1</sup>

**S**TARS of the Southern sky,  
Soon to be hidden by the ruthless sea,  
Another fond good-by —  
A long one — aye, forever, it may be !

I learnt to love you well  
In boyhood first, what time your mystic rays  
Would awe me with their spell,  
Yet whisper peace and promise happy days.

But little guess'd my thought  
*What* peace awaited me — what peerless gain.

<sup>1</sup> At sea. May, 1892.



A treasure cheaply bought,  
If such had been its price, by years of pain.

O holy Faith of Rome,  
I read thy symbols now in yonder sky!  
Gem-bright on velvet dome,  
A lore which erst escaped my boyish eye.

The Cross, the Crown — how much  
Their meaning now! The Bird's unfolding  
wings.<sup>1</sup>

The Harp that waits the touch  
Of victor hand upon its golden strings.

And lo, Saint Peter's bark —  
The Ship that circumnavigates the pole!  
Sail on, O saving ark —  
Imperishable transport of the soul!

An upward glance, and there  
The Virgin stands. Madonna, it is thou!  
Faint-outlined form so fair:  
But one pure star to grace thy royal brow:

<sup>1</sup> Symbol of prayer and contemplation.

Yet thou it is. The sign  
From thought of thee received its pagan name,  
As primal word divine  
In dim tradition down from Eden came.

Queen of my life, though late  
Beknown to this frail heart, but lov'd the  
more!  
I hail in thee my fate —  
My pilot to the everlasting shore.

What wonder that I see  
Long rosaries of stars,<sup>1</sup> that bid me pray  
With tender trust to thee  
For daily help and dear ones far away?

Farewell, O Southern sky!  
I take thy lessons to my Northern home.  
Beam on me till I die,  
Remember'd orbs, the heav'n-born light of  
Rome!

<sup>1</sup> There are long *strings* of tiny stars in the Southern sky.

COMMEMORATIVE OF DECEM-  
BER 18, 1889

I

**I** LOV'D before thy feast of Expectation,  
Queen of my heart — ay, lov'd it passing  
well.

One of the beads thy priest is wont to tell  
In his thanksgiving chaplet of vocation :  
Recounting, from the first sweet inspiration,  
Each tender touch of light, and how it fell ;  
But fondly lingering on the goal to dwell —  
Th' irrevocable step of consecration,  
Which, daring much, yet wisely, he did take  
When holy Church, with caution due, be-  
stow'd

Her first of greater orders. She that day  
Was keeping this thy feast ; and seem'd  
to say,  
“ Pass calmly on. Not perilous the road  
To those who choose it for Our Lady's  
sake.”

II

But now this day will speak to eye and ear  
With charm still deeper : and recall a scene  
Of bliss long-hoped for, which at last *hath*  
*been.*

A priest at the altar stands ; and, kneeling  
near,

His pure-soul'd sister prays, o'erjoy'd to hear  
Her brother's Mass. And soon at the rail  
they meet —

Meet soul to soul in one Communion sweet ;  
Heart beats with heart in One supremely dear —  
The Heart of Him who gave them to each  
other

In the one Faith, one Hope, one Love divine.  
Such the bright vision, such the music  
heard,

On this thy feast, at memory's magic word :  
While thou art looking on, O Blessed Mother,  
Supplying for our feeble thanks with thine !

III

But thou didst more than smile on us and pray.  
A visit to thy shrine ; and lo, thy face

Beams softly down upon the very place  
Where Amy knelt, another happy day,<sup>1</sup>  
To cast the bonds of heresy away !  
And here the coveted privilege is mine  
To clothe her with thy Scapular, in sign  
Of homage thou wilt lovingly repay  
With swift protection at all hours, but most  
When things of earth to dying eyes grow  
dim.

“With thee I leave her, then!” my parting  
boast :

“With thee for Jesus — safer than be-  
fore.

What recks it if on earth we meet no  
more,

So thou but keep us in thy Heart for Him ? ”

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL,  
BUENOS AYRES, 1890.

<sup>1</sup> October 12, 1888.

ENGLAND REVISITED

I

DEAR England, seen once more in leafy  
June —

But thrice within a score of years and five,  
And twice beheld when fondness had to  
strive

'Gainst winter's reign and feelings out of tune —  
How beautiful I found thee! What a boon

To taste again thy best of fresh and green!

*Thou* hast not changed, if I have. Nor, I  
ween,

Have I in love for thee, though sun and moon  
Of fairer climes have woo'd me.

Dearer far

I hold thee now than when, in youthful days,

I sigh'd for other shores. And if I go,

'Tis only that my Lady wills it so.

And oh, how peacefully the heart obeys  
Her sweet behest — my life's sure-guiding Star!

II

Ah, thou wast once her very "Dower" yclept!

Wilt yet reclaim the title? I may trust

High Mercy's purpose (and, in sooth, I  
must —  
Or vainly would thy saints have pray'd and  
wept,  
Thy martyrs agonized): that thou art kept  
For great achievement in the final times —  
When thou shalt nobly expiate the crimes  
Of faithless centuries — thy dream outslept.  
Ay, even now that evil dream is breaking —  
That spell Satanic which has bound thee  
long;  
And o'er thy senses the remember'd song  
Of ancient worship stealing: while the face  
Of God's sweet Virgin-Mother, full of grace,  
Looks down forgivingly to greet thy waking!

SACRED HEART RETREAT,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

---

### PUER NATUS EST NOBIS

THE feast of Madonna and Child —  
Of Mary with Babe on arm!  
Nor frost and snow, nor season mild,  
Can make or mar its charm.

I have kept it on Plata's shore,  
    'Mid heats of Southern June ;  
And where Pacific tides brim o'er  
    Beneath a summer moon :

But the sense of strange would cease ;  
    For there it was Christmas still :  
And clear the song " On earth be peace  
    Wherever reigns good-will."

" To every people joy " :  
    For the Christ was born for all.  
If 'shepherds found the wondrous Boy  
    At herald angel's call,

A Star in the East shone forth,  
    To glad the Gentiles' sight :  
While broke for West and South and North  
    The promised dawn of light.

Dear God ! What a gift is His !  
    With Jesus our Baby-Brother,  
His Father in heaven our Father is,  
    And Mary our own sweet Mother !



# OUR LADY OF THE HOLY SOULS

THE Queen of heaven we hail thee, and of  
earth —

The Church Triumphant tho' thy chief do-  
main,

Yet this our Sion, Militant from birth,  
With thee to aid, hath never fought in vain.

Nor is it less for thy divine Son's glory  
That thou art Empress o'er the realm be-  
low,

Where languish the poor souls in Purgatory —  
The Church Expectant, in her peaceful woe.

Ay, there too thou dost reign — a Queen, a  
Mother!

The "prisoners of the King" thy subjects  
are:

But more thy children — sister each, or brother,  
To Him whose justice keeps them still afar.

And well thou knowest how to soothe their  
pains

With tender ministries by angel hands.

Who least deserve, thy mercy ne'er disdains :  
Where least thy power, thy pity most expands.

Where least thy power? Ah, foolish mortals  
they,  
Whose little love, and service prone to tire,  
So circumscribe thy very right to pray,  
That scarcely canst thou claim them —  
“ saved by fire ” !

But blest, thrice blest, who give thee more and  
more  
The right to shield them in their combat  
here !  
For these, when they have won Salvation's  
shore,  
Shall find thy Heart a refuge sweetly near.

We well believe that there are golden days  
When thou descendest, with an angel train,  
To bear away to choirs of endless praise  
A favor'd throng from ever-ended pain.

And most upon thy bright Assumption feast  
Thou bringest, it is said, rich harvest home.

But oh, not less, I trow, when wafts the East  
Mount Carmel's gratitude to mindful Rome?

O wondrous Scapular! O sacred sign  
Of promise true to save, and strong to free!  
'Tis all the cunning of a Love divine!  
Yes, Mother — of the love that gave us thee!



## TO LEO XIII

### I

"**L**UMEN *DE* CŒLO"<sup>1</sup> do we read thy  
name,  
In mystic lore previsioned long ago?  
Then, such the wisdom thou hast made to  
flow  
Like light around thee: for from heaven it came.  
If nations heed it not, but theirs the blame.  
It shines for all, with pure and placid glow:

<sup>1</sup> There seem to be two readings of this title: "*Lumen de Cœlo*" — Light *from* heaven; and "*Lumen in Cœlo*" — Light (or A Light) *in* heaven. Each is singularly appropriate, as I have shown in these sonnets.

Ay, harbinger of peace, like Noe's bow;  
And eloquent with Pentecostal flame.

"Great Leo the Peacemaker," men will say,  
Who gather fruit in better times to be,  
Reaping what thou hast sown. In times  
not far,  
I ween, though darkness follow swift the day  
Of thy bright reign — till faith-lit eyes shall  
see  
"Pastor Angelicus'" triumphant star.<sup>1</sup>

II

"LUMEN IN CŒLO" reads thy title too.  
And this thou art in heaven's wide kingdom  
here —  
The holy Church. A light to love, to fear —  
As men would seek, or shun, the good, the true.  
But other sense, methinks, the prophet knew;

<sup>1</sup> According to the prophetic list of the Popes "Lumen de Cœlo" is to be followed by "Ignis Ardens," "Religio Depopulata," and "Fides Intrepida," before "Pastor Angelicus" shall appear. Three periods (probably very short) of conflict and persecution, therefore, will precede the promised triumph.

Since one meek soul<sup>1</sup> hath found it sweetly  
clear: —

There is an Eye in heaven<sup>2</sup> — Our Lady  
, dear —

Whose watchful glance the baffled Fiend doth  
rue.

For thou, O Pontiff, with unerring voice,  
Hast bidden us call on Mary, loud and long.  
And in thy hand chief weapon we behold  
Her Rosary — the unletter'd peasant's choice.  
O simplest prayer, yet still divinely strong  
As when its worth Lepanto's glory told!



## TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

### I

**G**OD chose thee out, O man of faith and  
prayer,  
And sent thee o'er the deep — if truth be told.  
Neither ambition's greed nor lust of gold

<sup>1</sup> A favored French domestic, Madeleine Porsat. (See "The Christian Trumpet," sixth edition, page 196.)

<sup>2</sup> "Lumen" means "eye" in poetry, therefore also in prophecy.

Could make thy heart so confidently dare.  
"The boldest steer," the poet saith, "but  
where

Their ports invite." Yet thou, divinely  
bold,

Didst little reckon what wrathful billows roll'd  
'Twixt thee and shores *imagined*—havens fair  
Which seem'd to lesser minds the veriest "stuff"  
That "dreams are made of."

Into the vast unknown

Thou wentest forth—in steadfast hope, alone.  
But God was with thee: for thy peace enough.  
His breezes serv'd thee; and when seas were  
dark,  
His stars more surely led thy destined bark.

II

Ay, and for thee a Star shone all the way  
Which others would not see—the Queen of  
stars.

Brighter than Venus, Jupiter, and Mars  
In one; and clearest 'mid the blaze of day.  
The Ocean Star, whose sweetly constant ray  
Smiled calmness on a brow no petty jars

Could vex — a brow where pain had printed  
scars  
Which told of vanquish'd self through years of  
fray.

Thy soul, uplifted ever to the light  
Of that true Guide whose name thy vessel  
bore,  
Took her for pilot. Morning, noon, and night,  
To her thine "Aves" rose: and more and  
more  
Thy trust increased, the sullen crew despite —  
Their menace deadlier than the tempest's  
roar.

## III

But thou, Christ-Bringer to the new half-  
world,  
Christ-Bearer too, didst, with the Christ, His  
Cross  
Thy portion find. Thy glory's earthly gloss  
Scarce lasted till the home-bound sails were  
furl'd.  
Ingratitude and envy swiftly hurl'd  
Their torches at thy fame. But was it loss

They wrought thee? Nay, a merit purged  
 of dross.  
 For this those lurid flames so fiercely curl'd.  
 And when had passed the years that seem'd so  
 long,  
 And came Our Lady with a call to rest,  
 She led thy spirit through the sainted throng  
 To where her Son reigns Monarch of the  
 blest;  
 And He bestow'd, in meed of suffer'd wrong,  
 A richer realm than thy discover'd West.

---

## NOTRE DAME<sup>1</sup>

### I

**O**UR LADY OF THE WEST — the fresh  
 young West,  
 So full of promise for the years to come —  
 She stands right queenly on her gilded dome,  
 And claims it all: its all of first and best,  
 Its all of hearts and souls, that cannot *rest*

<sup>1</sup> The University of Notre Dame, Indiana: conducted by priests  
 and brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.



But in the Truth, or out of Truth's one home :  
Ay, claims it all — for Jesus and for Rome —  
What though unheard, though scorn'd her lov-  
ing quest.

And lo, the realm beneath her feet ! Look round.  
This wide domain, these structures chaste and  
fair —  
Are they a vision soon to melt in air ?  
For seems it that I tread enchanted ground.  
If I but dream, by some magician bound,  
Ah, let not hope awaken to despair !

## II

No dream, my soul. For here, where Science  
rules  
A chosen band well skill'd to teach and guide,  
The Seat of Wisdom doth herself preside  
O'er truth's diffusion through harmonious  
schools :  
Not godless knowledge — making apter tools  
For devils' purposes — the food of pride :  
Nor hollow cant — stern duty set aside —  
That swells "the endless multitude of fools."

The Cross their banner, Mary's favor'd sons  
 Preach *first* th' evangely of Christ and Paul —  
 The one "Divine Philosophy," in sooth :  
 So simply clear that he may read who runs ;  
 Yet compassing and consecrating all  
 That deepest minds can glean and store of  
 truth.

III

'Mid yonder trees another stately pile,<sup>1</sup>  
 With temple at its side! Approach : for  
 there  
 One vision more of structures chaste and fair  
 Will well repay the intervening mile.  
 And let our guide recount for us the while  
 How blossom'd forth, from desert wild and  
 bare,  
 These gardens of true life and culture rare :  
 Romantic tale might many a league beguile.  
 'Tis here Our Lady's daughters take their part  
 In working out her high and gracious plan.  
 They aim to form the woman in the girl :

<sup>1</sup> St. Mary's Convent and Academy. The academy is conducted by Sisters called "Marianites of the Holy Cross."

Their chiefest care for virtue's priceless  
pearl;  
Nor foolishly unsex "the lesser man,"<sup>1</sup>  
And strain her brain to rob her of her heart.

## IV

Thy daughters, O my Queen; and call'd to  
pray  
As thou didst in thy Dolors: evermore  
With tender sympathy musing o'er and o'er  
Those Sorrows Seven: and thus, from day to  
day,  
Keeping thee company along the way  
Of perfect sacrifice.<sup>2</sup>

Unworldly lore,  
O worldling! Truly. And is this their store,  
You ask, for schooling maidens bright and gay?  
Not *all* their store, O sage one! But the rest  
Hath hence its sanction.

Culture, understood,  
Must lead its votary to a *higher* good.  
What feeds self-worship, then — is this the  
best?

<sup>1</sup> "Woman is the lesser man." — Tennyson.

<sup>2</sup> The Sisters wear the Seven Dolor Rosary at their girdles.

Or that which takes self-conquest for its test ?  
Which shapes the nobler, lovelier woman-  
hood ?

## v

Farewell, Notre Dame ! St. Mary's, and to  
thee !

Visions of beauty not beheld in vain :  
An earnest of the boon redeeming pain  
Did purchase for us — present and to be.  
Farewell, ye temples rich and pure : to me  
Unrivall'd trophies of faith's patient gain :  
Not only here, on Indiana's plain,  
But o'er this continent from sea to sea !

Our Lady of the West ! who love thy sway  
And long to hail it under every sky,  
Know naught of anxious tremors while they  
pray.

Like yon Saint Joseph's river, gliding by  
So calmly that its flow deceives the eye,  
Thy gentle power securely makes its way.

## REST BY THE WAY

O H long, sad journey, from the land of light,  
Jehovah's land, to Egypt's darken'd realm,  
Where reign'd idolatry — with feller blight  
Than all ten plagues, than waters arm'd<sup>1</sup> to  
whelm

The host of Pharaoh! Yet that weary way  
Was broken oft by hours of blissful rest,  
When the young Mother could repose and  
pray,

As slept the rescued Infant on her breast.  
And ministering angels then drew near,  
With melodies of heav'n to soothe His  
sleep.

And thine, my Queen, no less. Thy soul could  
hear

Those dulcet strains: and thou didst softly  
weep

In ecstasy of joy. Ah, blessed One —  
With God's Word-Music for thy very Son!

<sup>1</sup> "He shall arm the creature, and it shall fight with Him against the impious." — Wisdom.

ON A PICTURE OF OUR LADY OF  
GOOD COUNSEL

“MY Queen, my Love — all-beautiful!  
    Could I but see thy face,  
And hear thy voice,” I fondly sighed, “what  
    need of other grace ?

“Such power hath music o’er my soul, and  
    beauty o’er my heart,  
What folly could allure me *then* from wisdom’s  
    way to part ?”

But this a boon she could not grant, and leave  
    me still on earth —  
Still striving for the perfect joy ’gainst things of  
    little worth :

And so her angel brought one day a picture  
    wholly new  
To eyes that turned from highest art and hun-  
    gered for the true :

A picture all so heavenly sweet — the Mother  
    with the Child ;  
And that blue mantle folding Him to bosom  
    undefiled.

I said: "Dear messenger of bliss, what may  
this vision be?"

"Our Lady of Good Counsel — from a  
famous shrine," quoth he.

And seems it now, in very sooth, each morning  
I have seen

Thy blessed face, and heard thy voice, all-  
beautiful, my Queen!

January, 1895.



## TO THE LADY OF MY LOVE

THOU hearest oft "All-beautiful, my  
Queen!"

From one who worships what he has not seen:

From one content to know thee fairest fair

Of womankind, and sweet beyond compare,

And comely with immortal loveliness,

Surpassing all that poet's heart may guess.

And while he owns most humbly, as he ought,

His undeserving of one tender thought

From thee, O dearest! or of any place

In thine inviolate bosom full of grace,  
He knows, from many a proof, that thou dost  
    deign  
Receive his love, and largely love again.

Then, if he finds thy beauty, O my Queen! —  
Those eyes, those lips, that face — though yet  
    unseen,  
    So strong a magnet to his thought; he fears  
    No blame for this — as when, in folly's  
        years,  
He made heart-idols. *Now* he museth well:  
No siren lure has bound him in its spell.

Ah, pray that he may hunger more and more  
To see thy face, this toilsome journey o'er:  
    To feast on loveliness can ne'er decay  
    Like earthly charms, which fade and pass  
        away.  
Next vision of the Godhead One and Trine,  
Heaven's crowning joy is Jesus' face and  
    thine.



## ARGENTINA

## I

“**THY** colors wave o’er yon fair land,  
Thy virgin white, thy peerless blue :<sup>1</sup>  
As tho’ ’twere all at thy command,  
O Queen of heaven — no heart untrue !

“And yet thy foes seem masters there —  
Oath-banded in Satanic hate !<sup>2</sup>  
The poor Church groans, condemn’d to  
wear  
The fetters of a godless State !

“Thou hast, I know, some loyal sons  
And loving daughters left to mourn  
Religion’s plight : and swiftly runs  
The spark of *hope* ’mid weed and thorn :

<sup>1</sup> The Argentine flag is peculiarly beautiful, being white and blue — the tint of blue called “Our Lady’s blue.”

<sup>2</sup> The government is a Masonic *ring*, and hampers the Church instead of fostering her ; indeed, it does all it can do to undermine and ruin the faith of her people. For Masonry is there in its true colors — the sworn foe of the Incarnation and its kingdom.

“ But feebly burns a fitful fire,  
Where kindled once the faith of Spain  
A beacon for the soul’s desire ! . . .  
Ah, might that beacon shine again ! ”

## II

Thus sadly, as I knelt once more  
In *this* dear land where truth is free,  
My thought went back to Plata’s shore  
And spoke a sorrowing heart to thee.

But thou, sweet Mother, while I heard  
No voice, no whisper soft and low :  
Didst answer make with surer word —  
The mystic hint which gives to know.

“ Hast lost the trust so long was thine —  
Thy trust in Erin’s chosen race ? <sup>1</sup>  
Not vainly plann’d my Son’s design :  
The present means the future grace.

<sup>1</sup> The Irish colony in the River Plata may well be called the hope of the Church there. That “ Apostle people ” have been *sent* there, I trust, no less than to the United States or to Australia.

“And thy Saint Paul hath compass’d well  
A hold on Chili’s sister shore.<sup>1</sup>  
Despite the subtle wiles of Hell,  
The work shall grow from more to  
more.”

---

### OUR LADY’S VANGUARD

**H**IS vigil kept Ignatius before Our Lady’s  
shrine ;  
And hung his sword at morning there, irrevoca-  
ble sign  
That her true knight thenceforth was he, tho’  
yet all unbeknown  
The service she would deign accept — her Son’s  
will and her own.

But she, our ever-gracious Queen, prepared him  
well and long  
To prove a soldier of the Cross — a leader calm  
and strong :

<sup>1</sup> The Passionist houses in Chili make a South American *Province* of the Congregation possible. We hope it will soon become an accomplished fact.

Nor will'd him to go forth alone, but form a  
chosen band  
Of martial spirits like himself, and sworn to his  
command.

And then a name she gave, to grace their banner  
for all time :  
Sure pledge of victory — a name o'er every  
name sublime :  
The name of Jesus, that dear Son who wages  
constant fight  
I' th' Church, His Body mystical, for truth's  
eternal right.

Soon grew a host this little band — a host that  
took the front,  
To make the vanguard of the Church and bear  
the battle's brunt.  
Then baffled heresy recoil'd, to mourn the  
broken spell  
Of triumph which too long had fed the hungry  
jaws of Hell.

Anew the great Apostleship of pulpit and of pen  
Put forth its might : for teaching throve, and  
learning lived again.

When came the voice, "Hail, full of  
grace! . . ."

While she look'd up a moment's space,  
And troubled seem'd — but not amaz'd!

## III

"Hail, full of grace! With thee the Lord  
Abideth ever," Gabriel said.

"Among all women blest art thou."  
But ponder'd she, with modest brow,  
What might import this sudden word;  
And bent again her beauteous head.

"Fear naught, O Mary! Thou hast found  
Such grace with God as none before.  
He wills that thou conceive and bear  
A Son, whom Jesus thou shalt call:  
And who shall reign for evermore  
On David's throne; but kinglier crown'd —  
Son of the Highest, Lord of all."  
He said: and seem'd the very air  
To wait the royal Maid's reply.

"I pray thee tell how this shall be:  
For vow'd perpetual virgin I."

“The Holy One, to whom thy vow,  
Shall with His Spirit o’ershadow thee.  
Inviolatè thus shalt thou conceive,  
Inviolatè bear, a Son divine.  
And lo, thy cousin Elizabeth,  
Long barren call’d, holds even now  
A son shall three months hence have birth!  
For with the Lord of heaven and earth  
Is surely done whate’er He saith.”

A moment, such as ne’er had been  
Since reach’d her hand the tempted Eve. . . .  
Made answer then creation’s Queen :  
“God’s handmaid I : His will is mine.”

## IV

Thus came to us Emmanuel,  
The Word made flesh, God’s equal Son :  
The Second of the Three-in-One  
Came down from heav’n with men to dwell.  
And ever since that blessèd hour  
This planet sphere — unseen, unknown  
To worlds beyond our system’s zone —  
Hath held, I trow, a peerless place  
Among the myriad orbs of space :

For here hath dwelt the Sovran Power  
Who call'd them forth from primal naught ;  
Dwelt member of our mortal race,  
And drawn with us life's fleeting breath ;  
Hath eat and drunk, and tasted sleep ;  
Hath deign'd to smile, to grieve, to weep ;  
Ay, even hath stoopt to pain and death —  
Then burst the grave, redemption wrought.



## THE VISITATION

### I

**T**HE Word made flesh — inviolately shrined,  
O House of Gold, in thee —  
He straightway moves thy ever-duteous mind  
To sweetest charity.

In haste thou settest forth, to hail with joy  
Thy cousin Elizabeth.  
The angel told thee of her unborn boy ;  
And thy rewarded faith

Would clasp with hers. But little dost thou know,  
As yet, the full design

Of that mysterious impulse bids thee go —  
A purpose all divine.

II

Comes the New Covenant to meet the Old :  
To bring the larger grace,  
The nearer Presence, by the seers foretold  
Of Juda's chosen race.

And chosen bearer of that Gift art thou !  
Thy voice of greeting sounds :  
The prophet-babe, regenerate even now,  
Within his prison-bounds

Leaps, eager witness to the God in thee ;  
The God whose Spirit fills  
Thy cousin too, and gives her words to free  
The awe her bosom thrills.

III

And we, O Virgin-Mother — *we* have caught  
Elizabeth's raptur'd strain :  
Link'd with the salutation angel-taught,  
Faith's evermore refrain.



We hail thee channel of all grace that flows  
From Jesus' precious Blood;  
And pray thee meet us in the joys and woes  
Which shape our final good :

Until, at death, thou glad us with a smile  
Shall bid our spirit sing  
Thine own Magnificat — in peace the while  
Awaiting Christ the King.



### ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER<sup>1</sup>

**W**E hail thee "Fostering Mother." For  
'twas thine,  
O blessed among women, to become  
The life of life's own Lord, while lay His  
home  
Within thy maiden womb's inviolate shrine :  
And when, those sweet months o'er, thou didst  
resign  
Thy Treasure to the world of heathen Rome,  
The Choirs whose carolling fill'd the starry  
dome  
Saw feeding at thy breast the Babe divine !

<sup>1</sup> The Church's antiphon until the Purification.

But art thou not *our* "Alma Mater" too?

"*Our* life," as holy Church hath bid us say?

If Jesus by the Father lives, and we

By Him,<sup>1</sup> still, draw we not that life from  
thee?

Ah, nourish it within us — keep us true

To Him who is alone "the Life, the Way"!



TO OUR LADY OF PROMPT  
SUCCOR

ONE sang: "Oh, come to me, my love!"  
And I

Did echo in my heart that song to thee.

For when, my Queen, thou standest sweetly  
nigh —

So real a presence that I all but see

Thy mantle blue, and, bending, seem to kiss

The soft white feet — I needs must long the  
more

To have thee always with me. And if this

Be joy for heav'n, and vainly hoped before,

<sup>1</sup> St. John, vi. 58.

160    *To Our Lady of Prompt Succor*

Yet true it is thou hast a wondrous way  
Of meeting thy belov'd ones even here :  
As when they take their cross up day by day,  
And forward go in faith and holy fear.

Ay, since thou camest once to meet thy Son,  
That part remains thy tender office still :  
For *we* must make that journey, one by one,  
And thou *our* Mother art by His dear will.

So come to me, my Love, with morning's light,  
To help me take my burden for the day ;  
But oh, abide with me till fall of night !  
And then — to smile all evil things away !

Ah, when the hour, the moment, O my Mother,  
Wherein I need thee *not* ? But more in  
some :

For foes there are which closer press than  
other —

While thou dost seem afar.    *Then*, dearest,  
come !

Come ever to the rescue, mighty Queen,  
Until thou break upon me, from above,

Thro' death's cold mist, and let thy face be  
seen —

Those gracious eyes — all-beautiful, my Love !



PER MARIAM

**B**E thou my prayer — by morn, by night,  
And all day long !  
My soul shall, lark-like, wing her flight,  
On, up, into the perfect light,  
With thee her song.

To muse upon thy joys, my Queen,  
Is sweet repose :  
But wiser still, for me, I ween,  
To pore on sorrows deep and keen —  
Thy peerless woes.

Those lovely lips have held their breath  
At madden'd strife :  
Those eyes have wept rejected faith,  
And bravely look'd upon the Death  
That gave us life.

That Heart, now restful evermore  
In God's own peace,  
Was once thrust through and wounded sore :  
A wordless anguish at its core,  
And no surcease.

Then let thy beauty hold me fast  
In blissful chain :  
A spell shall never break, but last  
Till earth's fond dreams be overpast,  
And naught remain

But love unblinded, joy all true —  
Unsating feast.  
Yet teach me *here* to sorrow too —  
To rue the sins which thou didst rue,  
Nor mine the least.

And teach me, dearest Mother, teach  
My heart to prize  
The science worldlings cannot reach —  
The "folly" martyrs, virgins preach,  
That maketh wise :

To love the Cross, for His dear sake  
Who on it died :

To love it well, and daily take  
My grace-fraught portion, and off shake  
All care beside.

Be *thus* my prayer, by morn, by night,  
And all day long :  
That so my spirit wing her flight,  
On, up, into the perfect light,  
With thee her song.



**STELLA MATUTINA: OR, A POET'S  
QUEST**





## INTRODUCTION

**M**Y aim in the following poem is to show three things :—

*First*, the need of an *ideal womanhood*, not only as a model for her own sex, but as an object of love and reverence for ours.

*Second*, that this ideal must be a *reality*, and *part of a religious system*.

*Third*, that the Catholic and Roman Church, as having the only true and divine religion, gives us this ideal womanhood.

I take a representative male of the poetic temperament,—one whom Tennyson so truly describes as

“Dower’d with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,  
The *love of love*.”

Such a being is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of woman, whether for good or for evil. I suppose him to lose his mother while still a boy ; to be brought up in Protestantism,

as dear Wordsworth could say, in spite of his Protestant prejudices — has a claim on our homage as the Mother of God, and on our loving confidence as *our* Mother too; and, again, that he can make her the Queen of his heart, the Lady of his love, and consecrate his life to her service in the highest form of chivalrous devotion. Thus the “Poet’s Quest” is ended.

## I

**I** GREET thee, sober Autumn of life’s year!

A heart-felt welcome thankfully I sing.

Little for me thy wonted look of sere:

I rather hail thee as a second Spring.

Thou hast not boyhood’s freshness; dost not  
bring

Its rose and lily with their virgin hue:

Yet comest like a breeze of fragrant wing  
From Eden wafted — breathing of a dew  
That falls for evermore where God makes all  
things new.<sup>1</sup>

Ah, Eden! There’s an echo in us all

To that sad story. Yea, through every clime

<sup>1</sup> Apoc. xxi. 5.

And age and creed some record of a Fall  
We trace, some legend of a Golden Prime :  
How fondly cherish'd in the lore sublime  
Of Greece and Rome amid the lingering light !  
The river's course, where most of weeds and  
slime,  
Still here and there has gleams of pure and bright,  
And bursts and wellings up that tell its native  
height.

'Tis thus, methinks, the individual life  
Looks back to that fair morning of its day  
When cloudless sky and sunny air were rife  
With health and hope that promised no decay :  
When the pure world within us could array  
The world without in such a sweet untruth :  
Ere pass'd our childish innocence away,  
And left us wiser with a poison'd youth —  
Of Eve's forbidden tree the pleasant fruit, in  
sooth.

And how we dote on childhood ! Dote and  
weep  
With such a tender yearning of regret,  
Would seem some mystic consciousness asleep

At our soul's core, which may not all forget :  
The hinting of a past we have not met  
On earth, but which can hold us in its spell  
Till the lip quivers and the cheek is wet :  
Some fair, dream-haunting state, where all was  
well :  
Some realm of Lethe-zoned Elysium, whence  
we fell.

Ay, fell. How clear *that* lesson from the past,  
Ev'n to the school-boy with his musings wild !  
And most, I ween, when memory turn'd aghast  
To mourn in vain the bosom undefiled,  
The guiltless loves and longings of the child :  
How *then* 'twas blessèd freedom not to know ;  
And woman sweetliest in the mother smiled,  
And seem'd a swordless angel placed to show  
Where stands the Tree of Life — not that which  
beareth woe.

## II

But manhood came at last ; and, with it, grace  
And mercy undeserv'd, and timely ruth.  
Again the angel smil'd from woman's face ;  
But now led on thro' pureness unto truth.

And he that follow'd (deeming it, forsooth,  
No bootless quest, for aught the common mind,  
With wit sarcastic or with jest uncouth,  
Might urge as wisdom) set himself to find  
A fair ideal — for him, the queen of womankind.

And something he beheld of that he sought,  
In many : much in few : but ah, in none  
The perfect all !

Friends, guessing at his thought,  
True-hearted spoke : "*Your* prize was never  
won.

You look too high. We live *beneath* the sun,  
Frail mortals all and sinful. Nor, indeed,  
Could we be happy for a sennight's run,  
If wedded to perfection — we who need  
The sympathy which chimes with penitential  
creed."

Then he : "You counsel sagely, but divine  
Amiss. No longer question of a wife,  
But rather of a higher love, is mine —  
If higher you allow." "Ay, higher *life*,"  
Quoth one — of "Oxford" leanings, and at  
strife

With all the rest — “or life and bride in one.

Enlist you, then, and march to drum and  
fife!

Join the brave few who have at last begun  
With Church alone for spouse. It will be nobly  
done!”

But here the poet lightly laugh’d, and said :

“Your pardon, friend. No phantom spouse  
for me!

I seek a queen — to worship, not to wed :

One to be serv’d with purest chivalry.”

“How!” scoff’d the other. “And no phan-  
tom *she*?

What mean you?” “This : that if Christ’s  
Faith be true,

It needs must yield in full reality  
The sweet ideal I have dared pursue.  
Or . . . back to Pagan eld for taste of ‘pastures  
new’!

“Yea, better again be Pantheist with the Greek;

Evolve me a new goddess, to combine  
Each perfect womanly loveliness, and speak  
My priestly vows at her symbolic shrine!”

"Such jest," rejoin'd his monitor, "is sign  
Of levity profane." "Nay, jest afar !

A love which is religion . . . this of mine . . .  
Is born of truth, not bred as fancies are.  
Tho' yet unseen the day, I hail the Morning  
Star ! "

## III

Then turn'd the poet, with all-reverent mind,  
To fields he had been early taught to shun :  
Where poison-flowers ('twas said) perfume the  
wind,

And musical, but deadly, waters run.

"The old idolatry still lives, my son,  
In those fair-seeming gardens. Ah, beware !

A sorceress woos thee with her names of  
'One'

And 'Catholic' and 'Holy.' Flee the snare !  
Ev'n as thy fathers fled to breathe pure Gospel  
air."

Rear'd in the great Elizabethan Sham,

His creed had well-nigh dwindled to a  
ghost. . . .

Now fed with mist of Isis or of Cam,



Now left to cater for itself and boast  
The right of choosing what it favor'd most  
And tranquilly dispensing with the rest.<sup>1</sup>  
Yet like a sentinel he kept his post  
For faith in Christ — the Master highest, best,  
And Blessèd Saviour-God of fallen race confess'd.

So now unto the old historic Church  
He turn'd him blithely: glad that he had  
heard  
Her unquench'd voice still challenge earnest  
search,  
With claim (no longer to his thirst absurd)  
To teach inerrantly Christ's living Word.

<sup>1</sup> It may sound very harsh to call the Anglican Establishment "The great Elizabethan Sham." But truth often is unpleasant. I heard the late eminent convert, T. W. Marshall (author of "Christian Missions"), remark that "the Established Church of England and her daughter in America were the two *most respectable shams* on the face of the earth." Now that an infallible decision from the Chair of Peter has forever settled the nullity of Anglican Orders, the above fact is more strikingly apparent.

As to what I call "mist of Isis or of Cam," what else but "mist" — or fog, if you prefer it — is the private judgment theology of the Anglican clergy? If the high-church section are doing service *now* by preaching borrowed dogma, this is something to be thankful for indeed.

"O ancient Church, I hear thee charged," he  
said

"(A charge, 'twould seem, right learnedly  
preferr'd),

With bringing back the worship of the dead,  
And heathen hero-rites — now paid to Saints  
instead."

But she, with gentle dignity, replied :

"My child, was never a more foolish lie.

What are the Saints? Christ's members glorified.

*He* gives them crowns and sceptres : what  
can I

But do them fitting homage? There, on high,  
They share His very throne, and so complete

The triumph of His own Humanity :

For doth not each His victory repeat  
Over the rebel hosts that writhe beneath His  
feet?

"What are the Saints? My sons and daughters,  
borne

To Christ my Spouse. Dost think them  
gone before

To let their Mother toil and weep forlorn,  
Nor rather help and comfort her the more?  
If I, then, bid my children here implore  
The timely aid of brethren strong in prayer,  
Who watch the vessel from the hard-won  
shore  
And beacon into port — what tongue shall dare  
This cult with impious rites of demon-gods  
compare ? ”

## IV

“Not mine,” quoth he. “The charge was  
never mine.

But hearing now the answer clear and keen,  
Methinks I catch the Master’s voice in thine —  
Authoritative, luminous, serene.

Oh, tell me if the vision I have seen  
Be found among thy daughters throned above?  
If one be there — my heart’s ideal queen —  
Whom I may choose not vainly for my love,  
And chivalrously serve — as thy wise laws ap-  
prove ? ”

“If true as fair the ideal thy fancy paints,  
’Tis real, be sure, in yonder world. But thou

Within the great communion of Saints  
Must first enroll thee, child, and humbly bow  
To faith's whole teaching." . . . "Mother,  
teach me now!"

And all his soul went out to her. But she,  
To test him more, made answer: "I allow  
In this request thy full sincerity;  
But dread some fever'd craze of sensuous fantasy.

"What is this 'vision' thou hast found so  
good —

This fond 'ideal'? And whither doth it lead?  
'Twould seem some type of fairest womanhood,  
Whereof thy youthful poet heart hath need,  
As now it thinks: yet wherefore? But to  
feed

Self-worship and a pride forever blind?

If so, my child, 'tis outcome of a greed  
That is but sensuality refined.  
The spiritual garb ill veils the carnal mind.

"Nor may we rest in creatures as an end,  
How pure they be soever. God alone  
Our All-in-all, to Him should ever tend  
The heart's affections — most, if it enthrone  
(His gift acknowledged) an elected *One*,

In sister, spouse, and mother: one who  
stood  
'Mid joys and sorrows here, and now, in heaven,  
Is crown'd with youth immortal.

But I would,  
O Church, I had known thee sooner! Have I  
striven,  
All blindly and in vain? Is much to be for-  
given?"

"Thy mother, then, this 'vision,' this 'ideal,'  
O poet! It is well. I see the Hand  
Hath led thee to the threshold of the Real  
By one sure path thy heart could understand.  
Not rash the hope that in the Promised Land  
Thy mother dwells already with the blest;  
Yet must our lov'd ones pay the full demand  
Of justice ere they enter into rest;  
And till we *know* them there, to pray is ever best

"As mindful of their need. (If need be none,  
Love earns not less requital.) The bright  
names  
I call upon — my children who have won  
The honors meet which heresy defames —

*Their* saintship 'tis the King Himself pro-  
claims  
By proofs infallible.

But let me show

This eager soul of thine, which worthily aims  
So high, a 'queen-ideal' thou dost not know—  
A Womanhood that leaves all other far below."

VI

As one long absent, who is nearing home  
But off his road, a voice that points the way,  
So heard our poet the kind Church of Rome,  
Since first she spoke, thro' all her patient say.  
And ever, as he listen'd, grew the ray  
Of faith within his mind; till now it seem'd  
About to brighten into perfect day:  
Only not paled his Morning Star, but beam'd  
A larger loveliness—a joy he had not dream'd!

"Give thanks, my son. A precious grace and  
rare

Hath drawn thee to esteem whate'er is found  
In womanhood most God-like chiefly fair.

The mother-love, whose tender ways sur-  
round

The child, nor less befittingly abound  
When other fails the man — this first compels  
Thy homage ; and, in sooth, 'tis holy ground :  
But need I doubt, for thee, the lily dwells  
In maiden bower — for thee, the virginal charm  
excels ?

“Thy smile assures me. Thou canst follow,  
then.

If God, all-wise, has form'd not man alone,  
But woman — as the Spirit-guided pen  
Hath writ — but equally woman, to His own  
Image and likeness, and in her is shown,  
More than in man, parental love divine ;  
Not less thro' virgin woman makes He  
known —  
To eyes of chaster worship, such as thine —  
A pearl of greater price the mother must resign.

“Now God Himself, while fruitful, virgin is.  
If virgin, then, with mother could unite  
In woman, *there* were beauty likest His :  
That Womanhood would wear a crown of  
light,  
As ‘queen-ideal’ for men and angels’ sight.

And know'st thou not, O poet — hast not  
heard —

There *is* a Virgin-Mother? Has the blight  
Of fatal error, guiltlessly incurr'd,  
So dull'd thy finer sense to ev'n the Written  
Word?"

"Nay, Mistress: I believe in Christ our Lord,  
Born of the Virgin Mary." "Ay, and He?"  
"The Son of God." "Or God the Son,  
adored

As Second of the Consubstantial Three?"

"Yea, verily." "Then, His Mother . .  
what is she?"

Mother of God?" " 'Twould seem so."  
"Seem, forsooth!"

Is here no place for seeming. But to me  
The nebulous half-gospel taught thy youth  
Has long familiar been. Now learn the fuller  
truth."

## VII

"All ears," he answer'd. "But of her, indeed,  
Sweet thoughts would come in boyhood: as at  
times,



With lesson from Saint Luke, or say of Creed :  
Oftener when peal'd the merry Christmas  
chimes,  
And Bethlehem's tale in carols, pictures,  
rhymes,  
Took clearer shape. But soon wiseacres said  
That none, O Church, of all thy many crimes,  
Surpass'd the idolatrous worship madly paid  
To heathen goddess fused with Nazareth's lowly  
Maid.

"Erst Cybele 'mother of the gods,' 'twas now  
Mary the 'Mother of God.'"  
"Ay, ay, my child :  
And sorry dupes were they. No more so thou,  
Through His dear mercy who, an Infant,  
smiled  
On Christmas morn to Mother undefiled,  
God born in time : born to destroy the crew  
Of demon-godships with their orgies wild :  
Born to set up a worship pure and true —  
A kingdom rich for all in treasures 'old and  
new.'

"Of treasures old how bountiful a store  
From Moses to the Prophets ! Light to light

Succeeding : endless mines of golden lore :  
And heav'n-taught poesy's sublimest flight.  
But those who scan the sacred page aright  
Will find the promised Woman with her Seed  
Prefigur'd o'er and o'er to mystic sight.  
Fathers and doctors mine have lov'd to feed  
Their contemplation thus . . . as, haply, thou  
shalt read

“ In luminous tomes ere long.  
Of treasures new  
Still ampler store have I : nor letter'd page  
Alone : for here is equal honor due  
The Word Unwrit, which flows from age to  
age  
(And shall to the last, for all that Hell may  
rage)  
Inviolatè, Apostolical, Divine.  
But whosoe'er would hear it, and assuage  
His thirst for truth, must docile ear incline  
To one unchanging Voice—one only . . .  
which is mine.

“ But gift of gifts the King Himself, the ‘ Word  
Made Flesh ’ to ‘ dwell among us,’ evermore :

‘ Emmanuel, God with us.’ (Thou hast heard  
How well His martyr-prophet sang of yore ?)<sup>1</sup>  
And next, the Virgin who conceiv’d and  
bore  
Is precious to my love. Through her alone  
He came to us. Elected from before  
All ages she, and form’d His ownest own :  
His Covenant’s spotless Ark, His Wisdom’s  
Mercy-Throne.”

## VIII

“ Ah me ! ” the poet murmur’d, full of awe :  
“ I scarce may smile. For while, no longer  
blind,  
I see a fairer Eve than Milton saw —  
The veritable Queen of womankind ;  
Yet dare I venture with presumptuous mind  
To more than fondly worship from afar ?  
And tho’ in serving her I needs must  
find  
Exceeding joy, one missing note will mar  
The hoped-for harmony — one brightness leave  
the Star !

<sup>1</sup> Is. vii. 14.

“ My Queen, my Lady, she : but not my Mother !  
God's Mother — never mine ! ”

“ Still blind, then, thou !  
For prithee, is not Christ our first-born Brother ?  
His Father not our Father ? Tell me, how  
Are we His brethren — as Saint John saith,  
‘ now

The sons of God ’<sup>1</sup> — yet may not claim withal  
His Mother for our own ? Ah, gladden'd  
brow !

I see that tender brightness o'er thee fall  
Thou fearest gone : her light whom we too  
love to call

“ The ‘ Stella Matutina. ’

Come with me  
To Bethlehem's stable-cave. And while we  
bend  
In loving homage to the Blessed Three —  
The Babe, His Virgin-Mother, and the Friend  
So tried and true, in whom the honors blend  
Of spouse and father — take thy rightful  
place  
Where Jesus lies : and show me to what end

<sup>1</sup> 1 John, iii. 2.

Art thou His brother — by adoption's grace  
Co-heir, as saith Saint Paul, to suffer a brief  
space,

“ And then to reign in glory — if for thee  
Mary and Joseph no such office share  
As here for Him? If born in Him, and He  
Not less in thee, thou needest all the care  
Of that sweet Mother with her wealth of  
prayer

To have the Christ-life in thee thrive and grow.”

“ But how,” exclaim'd the poet, “ may I dare  
Believe that she can love a thing so low,  
Or prize what my poor heart must tremblingly  
bestow? ”

“ Thine a most natural wonder,” said the Church,  
“ At what, in sooth, nigh takes a mortal's  
breath.

But one thing baffles more our deepest search :  
How *He* could love us even unto death ?  
Yet of all mysteries none so dear to faith.  
So, let us now to Calvary — to ‘ the mount  
Of myrrh, the hill of frankincense,’ as saith  
Th' enamour'd Spouse. On that perennial fount  
Of hope, a tale will I, to thee still new, recount.”

IX

"Still new! Have I not conn'd it o'er and  
o'er?"

"I doubt not thou hast ponder'd it," she  
said,

"As page of that half-gospel now no more.

But tell me: whensoever thou hast read  
Or listen'd — though the Saviour's Wounds  
have bled

In thy mind's picture, and each dying word  
Made lingering echoes, till the thorn-crown'd  
head

Droopt lifeless — hath not *one* thing thou hast  
heard,

One utterance of the seven, seem'd out of place,  
and stirr'd

"No answering pulse, as meaningless to *thee*?

'Behold thy Mother!' spake the lips divine —  
To that belovèd One in whom we see

The nascent Church. Would Jesus but  
consign

To filial care, as heretics opine,  
This Queen of virgins, this Immaculate Eve?  
Or did He give her to be mine and thine —

As I and mine ~~know~~, rather than believe,  
From sweet innumerable proofs that never can  
deceive ?

“What! Silent? Nay, that tear is eloquent  
Where speech would fail; and merits that I  
show

Why stands she there with bosom pierced and  
rent —

Why has not death forestall'd the cruel woe.  
Alas, the new Eve, like the old, must know  
Full partnership in sorrow with her Lord!  
In anguish bringing forth: each mother-  
throe  
United with His Passion: hers the Sword,  
As His the Cross: that so they work with one  
accord

“Redemption's plan. And He, thy King and  
Brother,  
With love's true thought hath waited for this  
hour  
To make her doubly, by His gift, thy Mother:  
That never mayst thou doubt her tender  
power

With His rich mercy; nor her own Heart's  
dower  
Of perfect love, which brims and overflows  
For His dear sake. In her the very 'Tower  
Of David' thou shalt find against thy foes:  
Nor less the 'Enclosèd Garden' of a blest  
repose.

"But ah, how many dare reject this gift  
Of Mary—knowing better than the King  
His honor and their need! One day to lift  
Sad eyes to Him in vain! Imagining  
Her mediation such a worthless thing!  
Is He, then, less our God because our Brother—  
Our Judge because our Saviour? Can we  
cling  
Too trustfully to her, our common Mother,  
Whose prayer His mercy holds more surely  
than all other?"

## x

"Eureka!" cried the poet. "She is mine!  
My quest is o'er. I knew 'twas not a  
dream.  
But is it twilight yet? Or why doth shine



My Morning Star with still increasing  
beam?"

"Not day, my child. We walk by twilight's  
gleam

While pilgrims here. The Vision will be day :  
The Vision Beatific, where the Stream  
Of Life hath source — though not so far away  
But heav'n-sent breezes waft us drops of the  
crystal spray.

"But fear not for thy Star when day shall  
reign ;

For where her Son is King, there Queen is  
she :

And thou shalt know thou hast not lov'd in vain  
The fairest fair of creatures that can be.

The peerless beauty thou dost yearn to see  
Is there ev'n now — assumed to Jesus' side.

Conceiv'd Immaculate, and wholly free  
From sin's inheritance, she had not died  
Save to enhance Humility's triumph over Pride."

"Then I may take her for my own heart's  
Queen —

My creature love of loves ! Nor need I pray

For grace preventive, lest she come between  
My soul and God, alluring it astray —  
As 'tis with earth-born passions of a day.  
But will she make my Saviour less to me —  
As grave-faced teachers of my youth would  
say ? ”

“ Not less, but more. What teacher can there  
be  
Of Jesus' love like her through whom He  
came to thee ?

“ What bond so safe, so tender, could unite  
His Heart with thine ? The more thou  
lovest her,  
The dearer groweth He — known, lov'd aright :  
For she the Way to Him where none can  
err,  
Th' Immaculate Way He did Himself  
prefer  
To every other when He came from heav'n.  
' Hail, full of grace ! ' said *then* His messen-  
ger  
(A chosen Prince from out the Presence Seven) :  
' With thee the Lord,' said he — while yet  
unask'd, ungiven

**" The virginal consent that saved mankind.**

**If then so full of grace, what now the store ?  
If with her then our God, where seek and  
find**

**So surely now . . . her Son for evermore ?**

**Thou thinkest thou hast known thy Lord  
before,**

**And prov'd His sweetness. Taste again, and  
see.**

**A new wine waits in cup that runneth o'er,  
And Food of angels — all prepar'd for thee.  
Who bids thee to the feast ? Thy Mother —  
it is she !"**

## **XI**

**Thrice blessèd hour that gave him " Welcome  
Home "**

**(Of all remember'd moments dearer none) !  
When knelt the poet to sweet Mistress Rome,  
His new faith learnt, his anxious journey  
done.**

**For him a fresh existence had begun :  
He seem'd to stand on some enchanted shore,  
Where life had other meanings than the one**

So thought-confusing he had known before,  
And bred a sense of peace that grew from more  
to more.

He read again the pages lov'd of old,  
The Sacred Volume — now indeed divine.  
Oh, how harmonious now the tale they told!  
With what clear depths he saw the waters  
shine!  
And ever through them, to his raptur'd eyne,  
Look'd queenfully the mirror'd Star of Morn —  
Since first, o'er sad farewells of palm and  
pine,  
She rose on forfeit Eden's pair forlorn,  
To when, 'mid angels' song, the Saviour-Child  
was born.

How new seem'd Bethlchem's story! Newer  
still  
The lore that crowns more favor'd Nazareth —  
Where, at the "Fiat" of His Handmaid's will,  
Th' Incomprehensible took bonds of breath!  
And, after, "subject" dwelt, the Evangel  
saith,  
To Mary and to Joseph — yet their God!

Born to "become obedient unto death,"  
Ev'n then, in that dear home, the path He trod  
Which led to Golgotha's Blood-consecrated sod !

"For me, then, this obedience ; and for me  
The pattern, first and last !" the poet cried.  
"In the soul's Nazareth let me dwell with thee,  
O Blessèd Mother ! Keep me by thy side.  
And since I must, like Him, be crucified,  
Come with me as I bear my cross, and take  
The place where thou didst stand when Jesus  
died.  
'To me to live is Christ,' so thou but make  
My rescued years thy care and guard them for  
His sake."

Our Lady smiled ; and gently led him on  
Up to an altar, where a bride, arrayed  
In spotless white — Saint Joseph and Saint  
John  
On either hand — was waiting. Then she  
said :  
"If thou dost love me, prove it undismay'd.  
Receive my daughter for thy sister-spouse—  
Herself a virgin-mother. Thou hast pray'd

To serve me with thy life. Here plight thy  
vows.  
And trust me for the wreath shall grace my  
poet's brows."

XII

A dream, yet not a dream. The Gates of  
Faith  
Had open'd on a Temple old and vast,  
Where naught unreal may bide — though many  
a wraith  
Of fond illusion, soon or late out-cast,  
Doth haunt the entrance.  
As the poet pass'd  
From court to court, he ask'd the Temple's  
name.  
But she who led him spoke not, till, at last —  
The Bridal Group! And then, for answer,  
came  
Only the light which glow'd in the altar's rosy  
flame.  
The Temple of Vocation! Sore afraid,  
He would have fled; but met that smile, and  
heard

“If thou dost love me, prove it undismay’d.”  
How eagerly he drank each gracious word,  
That glow’d like wine within the soul it  
stirr’d  
To holy daring! “Yes, my Queen — for  
thee!  
Full well thou knowest how thy servant  
err’d  
In pardon’d years. But be it far from me  
To doubt that, knowing this, my surety thou  
wilt be.”

The Bride . . . no child of heresy and schism;  
No phantom, like the one refused with scorn;  
But she whom gift of Pentecostal Chrism  
With fadeless youth and beauty did adorn:  
Christ’s Sister-Spouse — of His own Heart-  
wound born  
And Mary’s Dolors. But her face unveil’d,  
While learning from her of his Star of Morn,  
The poet had not seen. Not strange he fail’d  
To guess its music then, nor rapturously hail’d

A hidden loveliness of blended youth  
And chastity and wisdom with the peace

Which ever tends the majesty of Truth :  
But, gazing now, he felt all tremor cease ;  
Nor now, I ween, had welcomed a release  
From such espousals. And Our Lady's face,  
At every stolen glance, did so increase  
His love for her and trust in God's dear grace,  
He thought no more of self — still fickle, weak,  
and base.

So gave the Church her hand. Her angel clad  
Our poet with the Priesthood which is Christ.  
The taken Cross, he bears it ever glad ;  
For his the portion which his Lord sufficed :  
And spurns what worldlings covet, unenticed  
Toward woes to be by fleeting joys that are ;  
For his the joys not fleeting, gains unpriced :  
While — sweetly, calmly mirror'd from afar —  
Within his deepest soul shines on . . . the  
Morning Star.

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